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IMPERFECT HINTS

TOWARDS A NEW EDITION OF

SHAKESPEARE.

[PRICE FOUR SHILLINGS.]

1787.

SHAKESPEARE

IMPROVED, CHIEFLY IN THE TEXT.

IMPERFECT HINTS

TOWARDS A NEW EDITION OF

SHAKESPEARE,

H.

WRITTEN CHIEFLY IN THE YEAR 1782.

——— bard divine! For many a care beguil'd
By the ſweet magic of thy ſoothing lay,
For many a raptur'd thought, and viſion wild,
To thee this *debt* of gratitude I pay.

MR. WARTON'S SONNET TO GRAY.

O, might ſome verſe with happieſt ſkill perſuade
Expreſſive picture to adopt thine aid;
What wondrous draughts might riſe from every page!
What other Raphaels charm a diſtant age!

COLLINS TO SIR T. HANMER.

This chief Enchanter of the willing breaſt,
Will teach thee all the magic he poſſeſt.

HAYLEY'S EPISTLE TO ROMNEY.

LONDON:

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THE ROYAL EXCHANGE.

M,DCC,LXXXVII.

IMPERFECT HINTS

TOWARDS A NEW EDITION OF

SHAKESPEARE.

WRITTEN CHIEFLY IN THE YEAR 1785.

MVSEVM
BRITAN
NICVM

TO

THE HONOURABLE

HORACE WALPOLE,

AND

Sir JOSHUA REYNOLDS,

(Whom SHAKESPEARE, had he lived in theſe Days, would have choſen for the Conductors of any ſplendid Edition of his Works)

THIS SMALL TRACT

IS WITH ALL RESPECT INSCRIBED,

BY

THEIR MOST OBEDIENT,

AND HUMBLE SERVANT,

December 19th, 1786.

The Author.

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ADVERTISEMENT.

HAVING ſeen a few weeks ago, a paragraph in the Morning Herald, intimating a new edition of Shakeſpeare, and having ſeen the reſpectable names that are there inſerted of thoſe who are ſaid to have taken the lead in bringing forward this work; it muſt ſeem preſumptuous in me to obtrude my weak efforts on the public, or to think that any of the enſuing pages would give riſe to any change or alteration for the ſtill further improvement of this projected edition. I do not ſuppoſe there can poſſibly be one diſcordant voice againſt any one of the gentlemen who are mentioned in ſuch paper; and happy is it for the honour of this country, and for the glory of the ſupreme bard to whom it gave birth, that ſuch names are announced—bad commentators and bad artiſts might have crept in, and by the penury of their genius or the inurbanity of their minds, might have depreſſed the exertions of Taſte and Learning. Amidſt all the numerous editions of thoſe authors whoſe works have been publiſhed with coſtly ſplendour, thoſe of the unaſſuming Shakeſpeare have been overlooked—if we except the edition of Hanmer, and that is no ways to be compared to the ſplendid publications of other editors—and we muſt indeed except the late edition of Bell. How many fine and beautiful editions have been publiſhed of Don Quixotte, of Moliere, of Fontaine, and particularly of Arioſto; and need I mention the late projected edition of Voltaire? There are even the *Petites Conquetes de Louis quatorze*, publiſhed without any regard to expence; and the very *Amours Paſtorales de Daphnis & Cloe*, are ornamented in a ſtyle much ſuperior to any edition of Shakeſpeare—and to crown all (amidſt numerous coſtly publications on Moſſes,

Frogs, Muſhrooms, Moths, Butterflies and Beetles) we have Stoll's *Hiſtoire des Cigales et des Punaiſes, avec figures colorées d'apres nature*, and ten numbers ſewed, for five guineas; and the price of the greateſt part of the above works has doubled that of Shakeſpeare's beſt edition. But the time is now come when Shakeſpeare's works will receive every embelliſhment of grateful art—when a temple will be erected to his memory—and where the productions of Britiſh artiſts will receive an eternal aſylum.*

Delay, however in this generous plan, has already deprived us of the grateful aſſiſtance of Cypriani; and Shakeſpeare himſelf warns us, that

> ——————— on our quickeſt decrees,
> The inaudible and noiſeleſs foot of time,
> Steals 'ere we can effect them.

If the enſuing pages can give riſe to one ſingle new hint—or can (by the liſt which is given of ſome Paintings and Prints which have appeared on the ſubject of Shakeſpeare) ſave any trouble to an enquiring artiſt, my end is anſwered. They were not written with the intention of being publiſhed; but merely for the amuſement of leiſure hours, and as an inward tributary eſteem to him, whoſe ſcenes had oft *ſoothed me with many a penſive pleaſure mild.* And though I have long had much at heart, and was willing to indulge an expectation of ſome future fine edition—yet I had no certain, nor even the moſt diſtant hope of any one being actually in contemplation. The expence alone made one loath to conceive any grand edition would ever be accompliſhed. And as the *nice dependencies*

* The *ſublime dreams* of Piranefi, might be conſulted for the architecture of this building. See Mr. Walpole's Anecdotes, v. iv. p. vii.

cies of an extenſive undertaking cannot at once be adjuſted, it is now the time (in its earlieſt progreſs) to offer any hints, however imperfect.

THOUGH many of the engravings that have been hitherto publiſhed from the page of Shakeſpeare, are merely traſh—yet it may not be unſatisfactory to thoſe who wiſh to deſign from him, to view ſuch engravings; as from ſome of them, there may perhaps be caught ſome idea worth improving on. I have therefore at the end of the few plays which are treated of in the enſuing tract (and in which the pages are marked from the edition by Johnſon and Steevens) inſerted a liſt of all ſuch as have been publiſhed from each play.† Many objections may be raiſed againſt the plan that I had formed for an edition; particularly on account of the multiplicity of the prints; but I was willing to recommend the introduction of more of them than may be neceſſary, rather than too few—from an unwillingneſs to reject ſuch of thoſe already publiſhed, which might poſſibly poſſeſs even a very ſmall ſhare of merit—leaving it to ſuperior men to ſelect from my crowded variety. The plan of Meſſrs. Boydells edition, in having the plates on a large ſcale, and ſeparate, (like thoſe perhaps of Cooke's voyages) will exhibit many of the ſcenes, in a much ſuperior manner to what my reduced ſize can.

IF there ſhould be found any of thoſe prints that are mentioned in the liſt at the end of each play, not taken any notice of in any part of the play—it is, becauſe they did not ſtrike me as poſſeſſing any merit, or as con-

† Charles Taylor's publication of the *Picturesque Beauties of Shakeſpeare*, is not yet compleated. Nor is the edition of the plays by Lowndes. The editors of the French edition of Shakeſpeare, publiſhed propoſals for a ſet of prints; but I believe they were never carried into execution. In a Gentleman's Magazine about the time of Dr. Dod's death, is a letter poſitively aſſuring the public, that he was in want of a ſum to pay Pariſian artiſts, who were executing plates for an edition of Shakeſpeare in quarto. The letter mentions that the perſon who wrote it, had ſeen ſpecimens of the print—that Dr. Dod had the undertaking deeply at heart—and that he went to Paris once or twice about it.

containing any thing, that was likely in the leaſt degree, to give riſe to anygood hint. The Plan I had formed in my own mind was this:

To have printed the moſt approved Text and Notes, with a type equal to that of Foulis; and of a ſize ſomewhat larger than the Memoirs of Thomas Hollis; that is, of the largeſt Quarto ſize poſſible.

ALL the Prefaces which have yet been written by the various Commentators (including thoſe by Dod, Capell and ſome other later ones) to have been inſerted *in the order in which they were written*; and in ſhort, all that the united exertions of Mr. Steevens, Mr. Malone, and Mr. Reade, have enriched the late editions with.*

THE Frontiſpiece to have been the old head of Shakeſpeare, by Droeſhout, with the lines of Ben Jonſon engraven under.

AND to the firſt Preface or Dedication, namely the Dedication of the Players, I meant to have propoſed a Head-piece being engraved on the top of the ſheet; and it might be a fac-ſimile of the ſmall head which Marſhall *had the felicity of engraving*, and which faces page 196 of the laſt edition by Johnſon and Steevens, with the ſame lines engraved under.

THE Preface of the players will follow next—and afterwards the Preface of Rowe—on the top of which might be engraved a fac-ſimile of the ſmall head only of Shakeſpeare, which appears in the frontiſpiece to each of

* To theſe might be added, at proper places, ſome few particular extracts from the work of Mrs. Montague, (as her chapter on the *Preternatural Beings*, to precede, or to be placed after the Tempeſt) and from ſome very few other writers. A few good additions might be likewiſe made to the Commendatory Verſes on Shakeſpeare; and ſome of them might be extracted from the Italian poem of Lorenzo Pignotti, entitled *Shakeſpeare*, and dedicated to Mrs. Montague; it is in quarto, and printed at Firenze, in 1779.

of the volumes of Rowe's edition. The head may be engraved as it now is, without any ornament whatever thrown round it; not even the uſual laurel wreath. The clumſy figures in this frontiſpiece were probably deſigned by Fourdrinier—but they ſhould not be cenſured; for though they are poorly executed, yet they were meant as a grateful offering to the poet.

THE next Preface is that of Pope's. The head prefixed to his edition, is declared by Oldy, to be a juvenile portrait of James I. This however, is no decided authority; and as this head (engraved as it is in Mrs. Griffith's work) appears a noble ornament; it might therefore be placed oppoſite the Preface of Pope. It is likewiſe well engraved by Vertue.

OPPOSITE Theobald's Preface might be placed, the pleaſing head prefixed to his large 8vo. edition, by Arlaud. There is ſome very little reſemblance in the eyes of this portrait, to Marſhall's print.

THE head which appears in Hanmer's edition, ſhould not be placed before his Preface, unleſs ſome proofs of a probable originality can be produced. I would therefore propoſe (in the lieu of this) the engraving a Head-piece to his Preface, which might be a fac-ſimile of the Vignette which is deſigned by Wale, and engraved by Woodfield, and which may be ſeen in ſome edition of Shakeſpeare, that I do not immediately recollect—but it is a ſquare Vignette, and contains the figures of Apollo and Minerva. The head in this Vignette, bears ſome very little reſemblance to that at Wentworth Houſe.*

THE whole of the Vignette to the republication of Shakeſpeare's poems, by Thomas Evans, might be engraved as a Head-piece to Warburton's Preface.

To

* The epiſtle of Collins might be ſubjoined to this Preface. It is ſtrange that a critic ſhould obſerve of this poem—that if it has not ſo much merit as the reſt of his poems, yet that it has ſtill more *than the ſubject deſerves.*

To the Advertiſement to the Reader, (prefixed to the edition of twenty of the old quarto copies) might be placed Vertue's print, *from the original* in the poſſeſſion of Mr. Keck, and the ſame lines may remain engraven under it.

HOUBRAKEN's pleaſing portrait, from one in the poſſeſſion of John Nicoll, of Southgate, Eſquire, may likewiſe ornament the Preface of Johnſon.

AND oppoſite poor Dod's Preface, might be placed the rich metzotinto, which is given in the edition of King Lear, by Jennens.

As a Head-piece to Steeven's ſecond Advertiſement, might be engraved a copy of the head which is in Johnſon's firſt edition, and which is engraved by Vertue.

AND oppoſite the Preface of Reade, might appear the ſame beautiful head which he has preſented to the public, from a picture in the poſſeſſion of the Duke of Chandois *

THE head in Bell's edition might be engraved as a Head-piece to ſome other Preface, or ſome other of the introductory matter. This head is ſomewhat like the picture in the Britiſh muſeum. And the ſmall head by Vandergucht, in Theobald's 12mo. edition, may be worth looking at.

As a Head-piece to Shakſpeare's Will, might be engraved the ſame print of his Houſe, which is in Mr. Malone's Supplement—and as a Tail-piece to this Will, might be introduced the preſent appearance of the

* JOSEPH Taylor (ſays Mr. Malone) is ſaid by ſome to have painted the only original picture of Shakeſpeare now extant, in the poſſeſſion of the Duke of Chandois. By others, Burbage is reported to have been the painter. Vol. 1. page 57.

this ſame Houſe; or in the ſtead of that, might be engraved as a Tail-piece, the fac-ſimile of his Hand Writing.

THE Buſt in Stratford Church will be ſeen in the aftermentioned print of his tomb.

As a Head-piece to that leaf which treats on the Portraits of Shakeſpeare, might be engraved a new Portrait—namely, that which is now at Wentworth Houſe. He has an unhealthy look, and his mind ſeems depreſſed by ſome anguiſh, which is ſettled in a confirmed gloom.* At each corner of the canvas, is a laurel wreath. I believe this picture belonged to Sir P. Lelly, who either left or gave it to Dryden. On the back of the old canvas, ſome few years ago, was written: *This picture belonged to the poet Dryden*, or at leaſt words very ſimilar to theſe. There was

* HE ſeems, (at the time of life when this picture was drawn) to have been *lame* and *poor*. See his 37th Sonnet and Crit. Rev. for January 1784, page 33.

I find a few traces of ſome pictures of Shakeſpeare:

POPE, (ſays Mr. Walpole) was not the only bard that ſoothed Sir Godfrey Kneller's vain-glory. Dryden repaid him for a preſent of Shakeſpeare's picture, with a copy of verſes full of luxuriant, but immortal touches.

Sir W. D'Avenant was poſſeſſed of the only original picture of Shakeſpeare ever painted.

MALONE's Sup. v. 2. page 185.

AT the Duke of Dorſet's, at Knoll, is a picture of Shakeſpeare. I believe there is one at Lord Exeter's, which is ſuppoſed an original.

AMICONI's next work was a picture of Shakeſpeare and the muſes over the orcheſtra of the new Theatre in Covent Garden. WALPOLE.

THIS copy of Amiconi's, *might* have been taken from ſome picture of Shakeſpeare, at that day well known in the theatre, which *might* have been an original.

THERE is a portrait in the Britiſh Muſeum.

was a letter which always accompanied, or was fixed to the back of this picture, but on its being new lined and cleaned ſome few years ago, the letter was loſt. It contained ſome particulars about the picture.

If the inſertion of ſo many Portraits ſhould be objected to; let it be remembered, that the proofs even of thoſe few which are generally ſuppoſed to be original, are at the beſt doubtful; and that ſome one of the commonly rejected Portraits *might* have been painted *ad vivum.*

If the reader will turn to that leaf, on which is tranſcribed the burials of the Shakeſpeare family, he may not think it improper to affix a Head-piece to ſuch leaf; and it might be an angel or genii, or a weeping child peruſing with an afflicted air, that entreating requeſt, which (as Mr. Steevens informs us) is thus uncouthly inſcribed on his tombſtone. *

Good Frend for Ieſus SAKE forbeare
To digg ŦE Duſt EncloAſed HERe
Blese be ŦE Man ŸT ſpares ŦEs Stones
And curst be He ŸT moves my Bones.

Somewhat

* Shakespeare's would have been a fine grave for *Cromwell* to have trampled on. Cloſe to the poet's tomb, repoſe the aſhes of his favourite daughter Suſannah, with this inſcription:

Witty above her ſexe, but that's not all,
Wiſe to ſalvation was good Miſtreſs Hall,
Something of Shakeſpere was in that, but this
Wholy of him with whom ſhe's now in bliſſe.
Then paſſenger haſt n'ere a teare,
To weep with her that wept with all;
That wept, yet ſet herſelf to chere
Them up with comfort's cordial.
Her love ſhall live, her mercy ſpread,
When thou h'aſt ne're a teare to ſhed.

SOMEWHAT of the ſame kind of look and attitude might be given, which we ſee in a metzotinto, to the memory of Queen Ann, where a cupid is reading the words: *Paſtora is no more*, I do not recollect its title. If the attitude and look of that cupid ſhould not be thought ſufficiently expreſſive, the reader may refer to the two weeping children in the Vignette prefixed to the tenth volume of Lowndes's Engliſh Theatre. The face of the foremoſt boy may expreſs leſs of anguiſh. See alſo two figures in a Vignette to one of the volumes of Lowndes's Engliſh Theatre, engraved by Hall, from after Lowe. In the frontiſpiece to the firſt volume of the Collection of Drawings by Rogers, is a winged boy, (with a pallet)—and ſee the child which is at the bottom of the firſt ſtudy of Corregio, in the ſecond volume of the ſame work. See alſo the weeping child of Cypriani, in his print of the Nymph of Immortality. And ſee the devout and tender calmneſs of two of the heads in Sir Joſhua's portrait of a daughter of Lord William Gordon, where ſhe is drawn as in a group of angels.

IN ſome other part (as at page 215) might be introduced a print of his monument in the Abbey; and another of that at Stratford.

IN all the large prints of his monument at Weſtminſter the face is wanting in that ſerenity which Scheemaker has given him.* In the print

HERE too ſweet Shakeſpeare, Fancy's fav'rite child,
The marble emulates thy power to pleaſe;
With graceful attitude, and aſpect mild,
Expreſſing native dignity and eaſe.

Nor

print by Claud Dubosc, his features resemble those of a ruffian, more than Shakespeare's. He appears to more advantage in the print by Maurer, 1742. There is a very neat sized print of this Monument in the Supplement to the 28th volume of the Universal Magazine.

The Tomb at Stratford has been so well engraved by Vertue, for the edition of Hanmer, that no better print of this tomb can be desired. I am speaking of the best impressions of this print; and not of the copy engraved by Gravelot for the last edition. I am afraid however that Vertue, (who in his pilgrimage to Stratford *did not want true devotion to Shakespeare*) has made the Bust much too handsome and pleasing. The Bust itself does not convey near so pleasing a face.* Mr. Gough informs us

Nor thy unrivall'd magic's potent charm,
Nor tender stories of ill-fated love;
Nor scenes of horror could his rage disarm,
Or the insensate spectre's pity move.

Where were ye graces, where ye tuneful nine,
When Shakespeare's active spirit soar'd away?
Where were ye *Virtues* when the spark divine,
Forsook its trembling tenement of clay?

Alas! around his couch attendant all,
Ye saw the stroke the ruthless monster gave;
Beheld (sad scene!) your darling vot'ry fall,
And weep your inability to save.

* The following letter is from the Gent's. Mag. for June 1759.

Mr. URBAN,

A doubt of a new kind, and not unworthy of notice, has arisen among some, whether the old monumental Bust of Shakespeare, in the collegiate church of Stratford upon Avon, Warwickshire, had any resemblance

us that there is a good caſt of this Buſt in the poſſeſſion of Mr. Green, of Lichfield.

OPPOSITE the Commendatory Verſes on Shakeſpeare, might be placed that moſt pleaſing ornament to his memory, deſigned by R. Coſway, and engraved by Bartolozzi, of Mrs. Abingdon as Thalia. If well coloured, it is beautiful; but the features of the buſt might have been altered for the

reſemblance of the bard; but I find not this doubt to have taken date before the public regard ſhewn to his memory, by erecting for him the curious cenotaph in Weſtminſter Abbey: the ſtatue in that honorary monument is really in a noble attitude, and excites an awful admiration in the beholder; the face is venerable, and well expreſſes that intenſeneſs of ſerious thought, which the poet muſt be ſuppoſed to have ſometimes had.

The face on the Stratford monument bears very little, if any reſemblance, to that at Weſtminſter; the air of it is indeed ſomewhat thoughtful, but then it ſeems to ariſe from a chearfulneſs of thought, which, I hope, it will be allowed Shakeſpeare was no ſtranger to. However this be, as the faces on the two monuments are unlike each other, the admirers of that at Weſtminſter only, will have it, that the country figure differs as much from the likeneſs of the original, as it does from the face in the Abbey, and ſo far endeavour to deprive it of its merit: This is a derogation I can by no means allow of, and that for the following reaſons.

Shakeſpeare died at the age of 53. The unanimous tradition is, that by the uncommon bounty of the then Earl of Southampton, he was enabled to purchaſe an houſe and land at Stratford, the place of his nativity; to which place, after quitting the public ſtage, he retired, and lived chearfully amongſt his friends ſome time before his death. If we conſider thoſe circumſtances aright, that Shakeſpeare's diſpoſition was chearful, and that he died before he could be ſaid to be an old man, the Stratford figure is no improper repreſentation of him.

The exact time when the country monument was erected is now unknown; but, I preſume it was done by his executors, or relations, probably while his features were freſh in every one's memory, and perhaps with the aſſiſtance of an original picture too.

Theſe are no unreaſonable ſuppoſitions, and which, I think, cannot eaſily be overthrown, eſpecially when corroborated (as I hope to prove they are) by the following obſervation not hitherto made, that I know of, by any one.

the better. The beſt buſt of Shakeſpeare that I know, is that in Mr. Gainſborough's whole length metzotinto of Mr. Garrick, from his fine picture at Stratford. Cypriani's buſt too is a fine one.

And oppoſite Mr. Malone's Attempt to aſcertain the order in which the plays were written, might be placed the moſt beautiful and graceful of all Shakeſpeare's Portraits—namely, that from after Zouſt, engraved by Simon,

Facing the title page of one of the folio editions of Shakeſpeare's works, there is an head of him engraved by one Martin Droeſhout, a Dutchman, and underneath this cut appear the following lines, written by Ben Jonſon, who perſonally knew, and was familiarly acquainted with our poet.

The figure that thou ſee'ſt here put,
It was for gentle Shakeſpeare cut;
In which the graver had a ſtrife
With nature, to out do the life.
O could he but have drawn his wit
As well in braſs as he hath hit
His face, the piece would then ſurpaſs
All that was ever writ in braſs.
But ſince he cannot, &c.

In theſe verſes Ben, plainly aſſerts that if the engraver could have drawn Shakeſpeare's wit in braſs, as well as he has done his face, the performance would have been preferable to every thing of the kind; a convincing proof how great a likeneſs he knew there was betwixt the poet and that picture of him.

Now, if we compare this picture with the face on the Stratford monument, there will be found as great a reſemblance as perhaps can well be betwixt a ſtatue and a picture, except that the hair is deſcribed rather ſhorter and ſtreighter on the latter, than on the former; and yet this difference will not, I dare ſay, be material enough to juſtify the doubt I have attempted to remove; and, if not, then I hope what I have here advanced will induce thoſe gentlemen, who have not thought ſo well of the Stratford monument, to have a better opinion of it for the time to come.

J. G.

Stratford upon Avon, May 30, 1759.

mon, and *done from a capital picture, in the collection of T. Wright, painter, in Covent Garden.* I do not know whether any proofs even of a probable originality can now be given; but I have heard from ſome one, who was told by ſome one, that Zouſt's was a copy from the original by Zucchero—and that this *original* was ſeen in or near Lincoln's Inn play-houſe, about *forty* years ago.

I will take the liberty of ſuggeſting another hint, for the ſtill further embelliſhment of an edition: namely, the ornamenting the engraved Title page to each play with a *Vignette*.

If ſome of them were engraved in the light ſtyle of ſome of the Drawings in the collection by Rogers, they would add a pleaſing contraſt to the darkneſs of the other prints—particularly in the ſtyle of *The laſt ſupper*—F. Lauri's drawing—Carlo Maratt's *Aſſumption*, *St. Francis*, and *Cupid*—Titian's *Repoſe*—and Tintoretto's ſtudy, in vol. 1, and Guercino's *Clio*, *Aſſaſſination*, and *Woman begging water*—Boucher's *Bathſheba*, and his *Trinity*—and *Helena Forman*, in vol. 2. Some of them might be in the ſhape and ſtyle of Shelley's *Marcella*, engraved by Burke; or as richly coloured as Kauffman's *Celia*.

The ſubject of ſome of them, might in ſome degree be alluding to the play; and the others might be merely ornamental or fanciful—ſuch as Maſks, Crowns, Daggers, Tambourines, and other emblems of the Tragic and Comic Muſe, of Poetry, Muſic, and the Drama. My meaning will be better underſtood by referring to the vignette oppoſite p. 120, vol. 2, of Keate's poems—the title page in a collection of Poems by Mendez, in page 124, 135, 174, and 183, of Rogers's Drawings, vol. 2—the very beautiful deſign at p. 10, of Idylles de Saint Cyr, which I much wiſh were looked at; it is printed at Amſterdam and Paris, 1771—the tail-piece to Hamlet, to the Winter's Tale, and to Richard III. in the laſt quarto edition of Hanmer—the title page, and p. 22, of Nouvelle

Traduction

Traduction des Heroides d'Ovide, 8vo. Paris, 1763—the heads of Shakeſpeare and Garrick, in Bell's 1ſt edition—Hudſon's print of Mrs. Cibber, engraved by Marchand—to many ornaments accompanying Houbraken's Heads, ſuch as thoſe of Chaucer, Buchanan, Shakeſpeare, and Addiſon; and to more of them in the French collection of Heads, as well as round many of their ſingle ones, ſuch as the Heads of Corneille, Racine, Boileau, Moliere, Deſcartes and Crebillon—the Copper Plate Magazine will ſhew ſome of them—the title page of Baſkerville's Horace, Birmingham, 1770—the two little children at the bottom of the frontiſpiece to a collection of Prologues by Griffiths—the ſatyr, in a print to the Britiſh Magazine, for June, 1783—Hanmer's Head of Shakeſpeare—the Head to his Poems, reprinted by Evans—the heads of Mrs. Montague and Mrs. Barbauld in the Weſtminſter Magazine, for June, 1776—the head of Shuter, in the ſame Magazine, for December, 1776—the head of Kelly, in the ſame Magazine, for March, 1777—the head of Woodward in the ſame Magazine, for May 1777—the head of Mrs. Griffith, in the ſame Magazine, for September, 1777—the head of Voltaire, in the ſame Magazine, for June, 1778—the head and tail-pieces of Bell's laſt edition of Henry IV. part 2d. and the Tempeſt, and to the head-piece of Coriolanus—the top parts of the vignettes in Bell's laſt edition of Macbeth, Much Ado, Lear, Titus Andronicus, Henry IV. part 1ſt. and to that rich one in Love's Labours Loſt—the title page of Les Metamorphoſes de Melpomene et de Thalie, deſigné d'aprés nature par Whirſker, printed at Paris—and to Laurie's metzotinto of Mr. Garrick, after Dighton. The beſt Maſks that I have ſeen, are in M. de Loutherbourg's vignette to Love's Labour Loſt, and in a print of Boileau, engraved by Walker (for a late Engliſh tranſlation (I believe) of Voltaire's works. The ſame portrait is engraved by Collyer, in quarto, for ſome publication by G. Kearſley, but the expreſſion of the maſk is different. The beſt Crown I have ever ſeen, is among the ornaments to the portrait of Corneille, publiſhed by G. Kearſley, for (I ſuppoſe) the Copper plate Magazine.

For

For the title page to the *Tempeſt*, might be engraved the ſame Vignette as is in vol. 2, of the firſt edition of Groſe's Antiquities—leaving out the two figures—in whoſe ſtead might be introduced an expreſſive one of the great magician Proſpero, ruminating on the diſſolution of nature. Or it might be expreſſive of, or alluding to a Tempeſt. See therefore the ſea weeds in p. 61 of Hooper's tranſlation of Geſner's Idylls. And ſee a print of a ſhip in diſtreſs, with lightening, in a ſet of prints in 8vo. called "Succeſs and triumph to Britannia's arms." They are engraved by N. Parr, without any printer's name to the ſet in my poſſeſſion, and there are verſes under each print. I much wiſh this print were looked at.

Would it be too ludicrous to recommend as a Vignette, to the firſt part of *Henry* IV. the figure of the man only, in Mr. Bunbury's ticket for Wynſtay Theatre, in the winter of 1781?—his bottle of ſack might remain with him, and a few characteriſtic ornaments alluding to the play might be introduced. And on the play bill in his hand might be written: Falſtaff by *Quin*—Hotſpur by *Booth*—Prince of Wales by *Wilkes*—and Francis by *Edwin*.

Among the tragic emblems for the Vignette to *Othello*, might be drawn the ſame turban, which is in a portrait of Racine, engraved by Colyer, for (I believe) the Copper-plate Magazine; and the ſame ſword and torch that are in the Vignette to Bell's Othello. Would it be proper to introduce among theſe ornaments the *handkerchief*?

To form a Vignette for *As you Like it*, we muſt ſee the rich ornaments to M. de Loutherbourg's pleaſing print to this play—for what ornaments can ſo chaſtly apply as the bugle-horn, the ſpear, and bow, to wound the *poor ſequeſtered ſtag*?

In the Vignette to *Henry* VIII. might be in introduced the ſame Cardinal's hat, and the ſame viper, ſtaff, and vine, which are in Houbraken'

ken's head of Wolſey. Among other decorations might be drawn an axe—the ſame ruby which Wolſey gave the King, and for which ſee Walpole's Anecdotes, v. 1, p. 137, 8vo—and at a diſtance might be dimly ſeen thoſe twins of learning, Ipſwich and Oxford: one of which indeed *fell with him.* The gateway to Wolſey's College at Ipſwich, may be ſeen in Groſe—and part of that building at Oxford which impreſſes us with the great conceptions of the Cardinal's mind, may be ſeen at a ſmall diſtance.

In the Vignette to *Coriolanus*, might be drawn (among other things) the ſame warlike trophies which are in Bell's laſt edition—and in that for the firſt part of *Henry* VI. may be introduced thoſe emblems that are in Bell's edition of the firſt and third parts of this play. See alſo the Tail-piece to Hanmer's edition of the firſt part, which will give an idea of introducing the arms of France. In the third part of this play (among other ornaments) might be given a diſtant view of the Abbey of Tewkſbury.

And ſome of the ſame military trophies, may be given to *Henry* V. in addition to thoſe rich ones which M. de Loutherbourg has thrown round his Vignette to Bell's laſt edition of this play: a print animated with the very ſpirit of Shakeſpeare; and were the boy taken out: it would perhaps be one of the moſt characteriſtic prints ever deſigned. A ſword covered with crowns imperial might be introduced---for

> —— now ſits expectation in the air,
> And hides a ſword from hilts unto the point,
> With crowns imperial: crowns and coronets,
> Promiſed to Harry and his followers.

As a Vignette to *King John*, might be engraved the figure of *Agar*, now at Wentworth-houſe—Not the ſmalleſt alteration ſhould be made. If it were engraved in the colours of the picture, it would better exhibit the green ſaſh. No picture ever ſo well painted a mother's grief. Thoſe who

who have ſeen this divine conception of Guido's, will thank me for having mentioned it—and to thoſe who have not been ſo fortunate: words are inſufficient to deſcribe the propriety with which it might be annexed to a page of Shakeſpeare's.*

For a Vignette to *Richard* III. I would propoſe the figure of an angel (in no mean ſtyle) tenderly ſurveying a ſmall reduced portrait of Vertue's *Edward* V. which might be the ſize of, and ſomewhat ſimilar to the heads of Rubens and Bronkhorſt, in Deſchamp's Vies des Peintres, or like Bell's head of Spencer. There might be introduced a ſmall dead lamb—and the ſcroll, on which was written, *Jocky of Norfolk.* And there might be drawn a part of a battle-horſe; for a deſign for which, ſee the Head-piece to the third volume of Deſchamp's.—On a nearer inſpection, this horſe proves to be a unicorn, but by taking away the horn and the cloven feet, it will give the moſt ſpirited head of a horſe I ever ſaw.---both the animals are equally expreſſive:—At a diſtance might be ſeen either the Tower, or Chertſey Monaſtery; and we may *unite the white roſe and the red.* See alſo Vertue's print of *Richard.*

* If any objection can ariſe againſt its being a Vignette, it will be on account of its being too much reduced in ſize. Were it richly engraved on a large ſcale, it would form a chaſte and ſuperb ornament for ſome department of an edition, which might be appropriated for the receiving of Fancy Deſigns, or Tributary Memorials, in honour of the Genius, or ingratitude to the Memory of Shakeſpeare. In this woman's hand might be a volume of Shakeſpeare, and her ſublime grief would ſeem to flow from having juſt peruſed ſome of thoſe ſcenes: where *the heart ſwells, and the tears burſt out, juſt at their proper places.*

The late Duke of Northumberland offered the Marquis of Rockingham, ſeven hundred guineas for this picture.

Or might there not be wove ſome tributary wreath in memory of neglected Garrick ?—for on his death,

—— all the pomp of Shakeſpeare's rites were ceas'd *

For a Vignette to the *Merchant of Venice*, there might be drawn a ſweet child reading with an expreſſive air, the humane lines of:

The quality of mercy is not ſtrain'd—

And the expreſſion of the face may be ſome what ſimilar to the beſt impreſſions (and not to the pirated copies) of Mr. Bumbury's firſt print of *Charlotte*, publiſhed in 1782, by C. White.

Or a fancy head of Shakeſpeare might be drawn, (ſomewhat ſimilar in attitude and dreſs to Mortimer's head of the *Poet*) with the mild expreſſion of Zouſt's metzotinto--- and (with a ſcroll in one hand) as at the moment of writing the above lines. The evident proofs we have of his good heart, will give an artiſt more pleaſure in deſigning for him. If other ornaments are preferred: they may be thoſe of the ſcales, the knife and bond---or they may be alluding to the *concord of ſweet ſounds*---for which purpoſe, ſee Bartalozzi's ticket for the benefit of Salpietro---the figure of the winged boy with the reed, and the expreſſive air of the young woman

* Might not ſome part of the ſubſcription money of Meſſrs Boydell's edition, be appropriated towards the erecting a tomb for Garrick? Seven years have now elapſed, and the ſame neglect attends his remains, as thoſe of Sir Anthony Vandyck.—

His Fame requires we act a tenderer part:—
His Memory *claims the Tear we gave his Art!*

woman in Cypriani's title page to the muſic of Roſina—and the face of Apollo in the title page of ſome book of muſic, deſigned (I think) by Cypriani.

PART of the Vignette to Lear, might be a pictureſque view of Dover-Cliff—for *the meaneſt hovel* (ſays Mr. Warton) *to which Shakeſpeare has an alluſion, intereſts curioſity.* Some of the flowers with which old Lear was crowned, might be twined round this Vignette, and they will ſome of them be found in the Flora Londinenſis. See alſo the rich ornaments (and the *lightening*) in Burney's print to Bell's edition—and ſee the flowers in the ſame print.

I CANNOT but recommend, as a Vignette to the ſecond part of *Henry IV.* a fac-ſimile of the whole and entire Vignette to the fifth volume of the Engliſh Theatre, by Lowndes. It is deſigned by Edwards, and engraved by Byrne. It contains (among other figures) the muſe of Comedy, with a maſk in on hand, and a glaſs in the other. It has too much merit I think to be rejected.

DESIGNS or Ideas for other Vignettes, may be conceived from a fine one, which is annexed to a volume of the publication of plays, by either Bell or Lowndes. The print in my poſſeſſion has the names of the painter and engraver cut off; but it repreſents Comedy, with a ſatyr and a young bacchanalian—both of which laſt figures however might admit of ſome little improvement. See alſo a Deſign by Mr. Weſt, engraved by Byrne, for the ſeventh volume of one of the above publications. And Angelica Kauffman's Deſign for that volume which contains Tamerlane.—were the face of Melpomene more empaſſioned, it would form a rich ornament to one of the Tragedies of Shakeſpeare. See alſo the following Deſigns; namely one by Mortimer, engraved by Hall for one of the volumes of the above publications, being the Tragic Muſe, with a flaming torch and dagger—the conception of this print is wild and *lugubre*: Another Deſign for one of the volumes of Bell, being the Tragic Muſe,

 with

with a goblet in her right hand, her dagger by her ſide, and a figure above her, with a ſword and torch. A Deſign for one of the volumes of Bell, being Thalia pointing to many of Shakeſpeare's characters, and on a ſcroll is written the names of Centlivre and other dramatic writers. A deſign by Mortimer, engraved by Walker, for one of the volumes of Lowndes, repreſenting moſt of the characters of Shakeſpeare, in proceſſion. A ſmall deſign for (I think) the fourth volume of the publication by Lowndes, drawn by Lowe and engraved by Hall. Another deſign by Mortimer, engraved by Hall, for one of the above publications, being a figure of Melpomene with *her treſſes wildly waving*, and a ſhip at ſea. A Deſign for one of the volumes of the above publications, drawn by Edwards and engraved by Hall, where the part of a ſkeleton is introduced, with lightening, and the figure of deſpair—and the Vignette to the twelfth volume of Lowndes.

I muſt entreat the reader's pardon for dwelling ſo much on this ſubject; but my only motive for offering this *proſpectus* is, a wiſh to throw in my mite of ſervice towards that undertaking, which is now formed in honour of our poet. And if any one can ſuggeſt thoughts which may ſave trouble to the conductors; it is proper they ſhould be communicated before the edition is in a more advanced ſtage. I have therefore further to mention, that Ideas of other Deſigns for Vignettes may be gathered from Cypriani's Contemplation—and from his Power of Beauty: either of which figures might be fondly ſurveying a Portrait, a Buſt, or a neat expreſſive Statue of Shakeſpeare—if Cypriani had been ſpared, Shakeſpeare would have owed him much obligation. See alſo his print of Faith; and the little boy reading in his print of Hiſtory—and the figure in his print of Admiration—In his Power of Love, he has drawn a Cupid which may not have been ſurpaſſed by Albani. See the Vignette of Memory, in an Hiſtorical Rhapſody on Pope. The landſcape, and the child, in Kauffman's print of Lady Ruſhout and Daughter. The figure of the woman reading in the Head-piece to the firſt volume of the quarto edition of Buffon's Hiſtoire Naturelle. And the expreſſive Head-piece

to

to the third volume of Deſchampes Vies de Peintres. In the frontiſpiece to Deſchamp, will be found a little boy reading—Might not this be introduced in ſome Vignette, with a volume of Shakeſpeare in his hands, and his little face might expreſs a deep and fixed attention; as if the poeſy of Shakeſpeare had taken empire *o'er it's willing breaſt*. See the arms of England, engraved by Bartolozzi. The figure holding up the medallion, and the Cupid on the right hand above it, in the frontiſpiece to the Tableaux de Duſſeldorf; and the fourth and ſeventh Vignettes to the 2d volume of this work.

If it ſhould be thought proper in any of the Vignettes, to place a ſmall Head of Shakeſpeare: ſee then the ſtyle in which thoſe are drawn in Deſchamp; particularly the Heads of Van Aſch, and Thielen, in the ſecond volume—and the emblematic ſtyle in which that pleaſing Head of Bronkhorſt is drawn in this ſame volume, and thoſe of Steenwick, Lucas Van Unden, Bramer, Van Goyen, and Rombouts in the firſt volume. See alſo the medallion, at the bottom of a print of the Queen of Hungary, publiſhed in Dec. 1780, by Fielding and Walker, for one of the numbers of the Weſtminſter Magazine.

Numberless are the engravings publiſhed both in England and France, of the Tragic and Comic Muſe. I have ſeen very few of thoſe publiſhed in France; and not many of thoſe which have been deſigned by Engliſh artiſts. It were needleſs however to catalogue them, when our own country has produced a figure of the Tragic Muſe, which we may almoſt venture to pronounce unequalled. It is the impreſſive figure of Mrs. Siddons by Sir Joſhua Reynolds. It paints,

> The tread majeſtic, and the beaming eye
> That lifted ſpeaks it's commerce with the ſky.*

An

* On the late revival of the *Jubilee*, at Drury Lane, Mrs. Siddons perſonated the Tragic Muſe. Her car was fitted up exactly in the ſtyle of this picture, ſo that ſhe preſented the ſame ſubject to the eye.

An edition of our great Poet would be ſtrangely defective, were this fine figure omitted.

Mr. Romney has likewiſe given us a very intereſting print of Mrs. Yates in the Tragic Muſe. And there is an expreſſive figure of the ſame Muſe (claſping her own *Lear*) in Pines print of Garrick ſpeaking his Ode. There was a portrait of Mrs. Yates (which I have not ſeen) in the character of Melpomene, in the Exhibition of 1780, by Roberts.

We have another portrait of Melpomene, from the pencil of Sir Joſhua, in the print of Garrick between Tragedy and Comedy—and as this print contains a figure of Thalia that I do not think any artiſt has yet ſurpaſſed; and as the whole Deſign will ever remain a generous ornament to *the maſter of the paſſions*—why may it not be inſerted in ſome part of an edition of Shakeſpeare that might be appropriated to the memory of Mr. Garrick?—This figure of Comedy, has the *rich archneſs of Thalia's face.* I have before hinted at two Maſks, that I thought were good ones, and I ſhould now add that which Thalia holds.

If there ſhould be required a print of the Comic Muſe, in conjunction with the above mentioned print of Mrs. Siddons; the metzotinto portrait of Baccelli, by Sir Joſhua, will immediately furniſh one. At leaſt it will require very few additions. I have not ſeen many prints of the Muſe of Comedy—but amongſt thoſe I have ſeen, I know none that can approach the portrait of Baccelli: unleſs it be the Thalia of R. Coſway, engraved by Bartolozzi. I have not yet ſeen Sir Joſhua's print of Mrs. Abingdon, as the Comic Muſe.

In ſo grand an edition as that announced by Meſſrs. Boydells and Nicoll, we may reſt well aſſured that Shakeſpeare's volumes will receive every proper

eye. Nothing (ſay the papers) could be more grand and impreſſive than her attitude and air. A poem by Mr. Keate, to the memory of Mrs. Cibber, gives an intereſting picture of the Tragic Muſe. See alſo the Notes in page 68 and 80, of Mr. Warton's Milton, and Mr. Whalley's Verſes to Mrs. Siddons

proper and graceful ornament. Would there be any impropriety then, in introducing in ſome part of the work (either in the introductory, or a ſupplemental part): *Fancy Deſigns*, by eminent artiſts, *to the memory of Shakeſpeare?* One Deſign might be a Fancy Portrait of the bard, *with a pen in his hand, ſeeming to have juſt conceived one of thoſe ſublime Ideas, to which* (ſay the Abbé Groſley) *he owes his reputation.** The nature of the other Deſigns muſt be left to the imagination of each artiſt.

How pleaſingly might an artiſt amuſe himſelf, in painting Fancy Portraits of Shakeſpeare, (at whole length) as at the time of compoſing or conceiving ſome of thoſe various and diverſified ſcenes which have long delighted this nation.—Either at the ſombre moment of his gloomy imagination diving into the myſteries of Witchery and Incantation in the cavern of the Weird Siſters, and there treading in that circle *in which none durſt walk but he*.—Or when his breaſt was inflamed with the rapidity of preparation for Boſworth-field, and he was writing *(a noble wildneſs flaſhing from his eyes)* thoſe words, with which Mr. Garrick has ſo oft electrified not only his attentive audience, but the very actors on the ſtage:---*off with his head! ſo much for Buckingham.*——When fired with young Harry Piercy---Or when indulging his fancy with ſome of the moſt pleaſing fictions that ever poet feigned *of the light Fairies and the dapper Elves.*---When compoſing the Prologue to *Henry* V.---When ruminating on the murder of Duncan---or on thoſe riſing ſpectres which *daunt the pale Macbeth*.---On the awful magic of Proſpero---Or when imagining ſome of thoſe irreſiſtable appeals to the humane heart, which his own good mind dictated to him, and which none but his own genius could ſo well expreſs. In Deſigns ſimilar to this laſt, his features ſhould poſſeſs the mild animation of Zouſt's metzotinto, with ſomewhat of that calm elevation which

* I am afraid the veneration of my good countrymen, does not extend quite ſo far as the Abbé Groſley is willing to believe it does—"I have ſeen (ſays the Abbé) the vulgar weep, at the ſight of Shakeſpeare's beautiful and expreſſive ſtatue, which recalled to their memory thoſe ſcenes of that celebrated poet, which had filled their ſouls with the moſt lively emotions."

OBSERVATIONS ON ENGLAND.

which is ſo well expreſſed in Mr. Romney's print of Mrs. Yates, in the Tragic Muſe. He ſhould have all the magic of the mouth open, which we have ſeen ſo well expreſſed in ſome *Italian* pictures; and Milton's *dim light* ſhould be admitted into a chamber, ſomewhat reſembling a *ſtudious cloyſter pale*. In the whole length of him at Stratford, Mr. Wilton has ſeated him on the very chair which tradition ſays, belonged to him; has placed in the chamber ſome of the old chronicles, of which he was a frequent peruſer; has ſtrewn on the table and floor, ſome MSS. on which are written the names of ſome of his plays; and has placed in the chamber an antique window of ſtained glaſs. Might not a print from this picture be ſomewhere introduced?

If he ſhould be drawn as revolving in his mind, more turbulent ſcenes, or when his active ſpirit is borne away with the grandeur of his ideas: let not his figure be diſgraced as we have lately ſeen it, (in a large print) but let ſomewhat of that energy of conception be given him, and ſomewhat of that noble air and peculiar grace, which we ſee in the whole length portrait of Mrs. Stanhope in the rooms of Sir Joſhua Reynolds. We are well aſſured that every muſe adorned his mind; and from what is handed down to us, (and the portrait which Mr. *Walpole* thinks an original, as well as the portrait by Zouſt) we have ſome reaſons to think that (like what is ſaid of Rafaelle) every grace adorned his body. Before an artiſt attempts to deſign, it is proper he ſhould firſt peruſe ſome few ſcenes from ſome of the various plays—let him tranſport himſelf from Juliet's tomb, to the pleading of Iſabella; or from *old Arden's inmoſt ſhade*, to the diſtribution of flowers by Ophelia. This will heighten his attachment to the Poet; and he will then be the better enabled to preſent to the public, what will ornament, rather than diſgrace Shakeſpeare's memory.*

I will

* At his name, Fancy's pulſe, wild in motion ſhall beat,
Strange extacies riſe, and the heart glow with heat.

PEARCE.

I will tranſcribe ſome paſſages from thoſe authors who have honoured his genius; and from which paſſages, Deſigns might be taken; or at leaſt, ſome hints caught.—

Methinks I view the laſt ſepulchral frame,
That bears inſcrib'd her much lamented name:
See! to my view the drama's ſons diſplay'd;
What laurel'd phantoms crowd the awful ſhade!
Firſt of the choir immortal Shakeſpeare ſtands,
Whoſe ſearching eye all Nature's ſcene commands:
Bright in his look celeſtial ſpirit blooms,
And Genius o'er him waves his eagle plumes!

Hoole's Monody to the memory of Mrs. Woffington.

——— For lofty ſenſe,
Creative fancy, and inſpection keen
Through the deep windings of the human heart,
Is not wild Shakeſpeare thine and Nature's boaſt?

Thomſon.

THE great Shakeſpeare ſat upon a Cliff, looking abroad through all Creation. His poſſeſſions were very near as extenſive as Homer's; but, in ſome places, had not received ſufficient culture. But even there ſpontaneous Flowers ſhot up, and in the *unweeded garden, which grows to ſeed*, you might cull Lavender, Myrtle, and Wild Thyme. Craggy rocks, hills, and dales, the woodland and open country, ſtruck the eye with wild variety, and o'er our heads roll'd Thunder, deep and awful, and the Lightning's flaſh darted athwart the ſolemn ſcene; while on the blaſted Heath, Witches, Elves, and Fairies, with their own Queen Mab, play'd in frolic gambols. Mean time the immortal Bard ſat with his eyes in a fine frenzy rolling, and writers both in the Tragic and Comic ſtile were gathered round him. Ariſtotle ſeemed to lament that Shakeſpeare had not ſtudied his art of Poetry, and Longinus admired him to a degree of enthuſiaſm. Otway, Rowe, and Congreve had him conſtantly in their eye, and even Milton was looking for Flowers to tranſplant into his own Paradiſe.

Gray's Inn Journal, vol. I.

When our Magician more inſpir'd,
By charms, and ſpells, and incantations fir'd,
Exerts his moſt tremendous pow'r;
The thunder growls, the heavens low'r,

And

And to his darken'd throne repair,
The demons of the deep, and ſpirits of the air!

But ſoon theſe horrors paſs away,
Thro' ſtorms and night breaks forth the day
He ſmiles,—they vaniſh into air!
The buſkin'd warriors diſappear!
Mute the trumpets, mute the drums,
The ſcene is chang'd—Thalia comes,
Leading the nymph Euphroſyne,
Goddeſs of Joy and Liberty!
She and her Siſters, hand in hand,
Link'd to a num'rous frolic band,
With roſes and with myrtle crown'd
O'er the green velvet lightly bound,
Circling the Monarch of th' inchanted land!

Garrick's Ode

Indulgent *Fancy!* from the fruitful banks
Of Avon, whence thy roſy fingers cull
Freſh flow'rs and dews to ſprinkle on the turf
Where Shakeſpeare lies, be preſent—

Akenſide.

——————— when lightning fires
The arch of Heaven, and thunders rock the ground,
When furious whirlwinds rend the howling air,
And ocean, groaning from his loweſt bed,
Heaves his tempeſtuous billows to the ſky;
Amid the general uproar, while below
The nations tremble, Shakeſpeare looks abroad
From ſome high cliff, ſuperior, and enjoys
The elemental war.—

Akenſide.

In the firſt ſeat, in robe of various dyes,
A noble wildneſs flaſhing from his eyes,
Sat SHAKESPEARE.—In one hand a wand he bore,
For mighty wonders fam'd in days of yore;

The

The other held a globe, which to his will
Obedient turn'd, and own'd the maſter's ſkill:
Things of the nobleſt kind his genius drew,
And look'd thro' Nature at a ſingle view:
A looſe he gave to his unbounded ſoul,
And taught new lands to riſe, new ſeas to roll;
Call'd into being ſcenes unknown before,
And paſſing Nature's bounds, was ſomething more.

Churchill.

What are the lays of artful *Addiſon*,
Coldly correct to SHAKESPEARE'S warblings wild?
Whom on the winding Avon's willow'd banks
Fair Fancy found, and bore the ſmiling babe
To a cloſe cavern: (ſtill the ſhepherds ſhew
The ſacred place, whence with religious awe
They hear, returning from the field at eve,
Strange whiſpering of ſweet muſic through the air)
Here, as with honey gather'd from the rock,
She fed the little pratler, and with ſongs
Oft ſooth'd his wondering ears, with deep delight
On her ſoft lap he ſat, and caught the ſounds.

Joſ. Warton.

Fancy, warm enthuſiaſtic maid,
O hear our prayer, O hither come
From thy lamented Shakeſpeare's tomb,
On which thou lov'ſt to ſit at eve,
Muſing o'er thy darling's grave.

Joſ. Warton's Ode to Fancy.

But Shakeſpeare's magic could not copied be,
Within that circle none durſt walk but he.

Dryden..

On Avon's banks I lit, whoſe ſtreams appear
To wind with eddies fond round Shakeſpeare's tomb,
The year's firſt feath'ry ſongſters warble near,
And violets breathe, and earlieſt roſes bloom.

Here Fancy *ſat, (her dewy finger's cold*
Decking with flowret's freſh th'unſullied ſod,)
And bath'd with tears the ſad ſepulchral mold,
*Her fav'rite offspring's long and laſt abode.**

[See the whole of *Cooper's* Poem of the *Tomb of Shakeſpeare, in Dodſley's Collect.*

Far from the ſun and ſummer gale,
In thy green lap was Nature's darling laid,
What time, where lucid Avon ſtray'd,
To him the mighty mother did unveil
Her awful face. The dauntleſs child
Stretch'd forth his little arms, and ſmil'd.
This pencil take (ſhe ſaid) whoſe colours clear,
Richly paint the vernal year:
This can unlock the gates of joy;
Of horror that, and thrilling fears,
Or ope the ſacred ſource of ſympathetic tears.

Gray.

Methinks I ſee, with Fancy's magic eye,
The ſhade of Shakeſpeare in yon azure ſky?
On yon high cloud, behold the bard advance,
Piercing all nature with a ſingle glance!
In various attitudes around him ſtand
The Paſſions, waiting for his dread command—

Smart's Prologue to Othello.

Above controul, above each claſſic rule,
His tutreſs Nature, and the World his ſchool.
On daring pinions borne, to him was giv'n
Th' aerial range of Fancy's brighteſt Heav'n;

To

* In a deſcription of Wilton, there is mention made of a ſmall ancient Tomb, ſuppoſed for Children, in theſe words—"At the ends of the front are two more Cupids; they look very ſorrowful with one hand upon their breaſt, the other hand holding a torch with the lighted end downwards, - - - - - - - A ſtatue of Cupid lying aſleep upon the aforeſaid Tomb."

To bid rapt Thought o'er nobleſt heights aſpire,
And wake each Paſſion with a *Muſe of Fire.*—
Revere his Genius—To the Dead be juſt,
And ſpare the Laurels that oe'rſhade the Duſt—
Low ſleeps the bard, *in cold obſtruction laid,*
Nor aſks the chaplet from a rival's head.
O'er the drear Vault, Ambition's utmoſt bound,
Unheard ſhall Fame her airy Trumpet ſound!
Unheard alike, nor Grief, nor Tranſport raiſe,
Thy blaſt of Cenſure, or thy Note of Praiſe!
As Raphael's own Creation grac'd his Hearſe,
And ſham'd the pomp of oſtentatious verſe,
Shall Shakeſpeare's Honours by himſelf be paid,
And Nature periſh ere his Pictures fade.

Keate's Epiſtle to Voltaire.

What a portrait of Shakeſpeare might Sir Joſhua Reynolds draw from ſome of the foregoing lines! Whoever will caſt his eye on the portrait of young *Edwin*; and obſerve how wonderfully well Sir Joſhua has caught the ſpirit of Beatie's poem; will not only join with me in this opinion, but may apply to him part of an expreſſion which has often been applied to Mr. Burke—that he poſſeſſes *all the grace of cultivated fancy.**

A pleaſing ſubject might be formed from Mr. Warton's poem; of *Fancy muſing o'er the tomb of Shakeſpeare.*

Some few ſketches might be taken from an Ode to the Genius of Shakeſpeare, in Ogilvie's poems. In one part he ſays:

O'er yon bleak deſert's unfrequented round
See'ſt thou where *Nature* treads the deepening gloom,
Sits on yon hoary tow'r with ivy crown'd,
Or *wildly wails o'er thy lamented tomb.*

And

* "A knowledge boundleſs as ſcience, with all the ſplendour of learning, and all the grace of cultivated fancy." *Letters on England*, 1772.

And ſee the concluſion (and indeed the whole) of this Ode. See alſo the 7th, 8th, 9th, and 10th ſtanzas of Lloyd's Progreſs of Envy. Page 53, of the Art of riſing on the Stage, quarto edition. And the fable of Genius, Virtue and Reputation, in Dodſley's Fables. See alſo ſome of thoſe Prints, propoſed for Vignettes—and above all ſee that ſweetly expreſſive figure of the Genius of Liberty, in the Memoirs of Hollis. Many will recollect the Apotheoſis of Cooke, exhibited laſt winter at Covent-garden.

The following are the only Prints I have ſeen, *directly relative* to our preſent ſubject.

1. The Birth of Shakeſpeare. By Kauffman.

2. The Tomb of Shakeſpeare. By Kauffman.

3. Mrs. Abingdon as Thalia, crowning the Buſt of Shakeſpeare. By R. Coſway; engraved by Bartolozzi.

4. Mr. Garrick leaning on the Buſt of Shakeſpeare. By Gainſborough.

5. Pine's grand, but imperfect and unfiniſhed print of Mr. Garrick reciting his Ode; in which are one or two expreſſive figures ſurrounding the Statue of the Poet.

6. The reader may as well look at an imperfect Deſign in Wilkes's View of the Stage.

7. And the poor Sketch or Frontiſpiece in each volume of Rowe.

8. A Metzotinto by Martin, from after Carpentiers, of Roubiliac modelling a Statue of Shakeſpeare. The original, (or at leaſt a very fine copy) is at Tong Caſtle in Shropſhire.

9. No. 362, of the Exhibition of 1784, was Shakeſpeare, Milton and Spencer, *with Nature dictating to Shakeſpeare.* I have not ſeen this.

10. A Head-piece in vol. 1, of Piercy's Reliques of Ancient Poetry. It repreſents Shakeſpeare at full length, with his arm reſting on a pedeſtal, and attentively liſtening to the melody of a minſtrell's harp, which accompanies a boy's chaunting ſome rude carol or ancient ballad. The *ballad of the Jew*, with ſome others (familiar in his day) are before

him—his pen is in his hand, and the uplifting of his left hand, has a pleaſing effect. This Deſign is not meant to be capital—it is prefixed to thoſe *Ballads that illuſtrate Shakeſpeare*; but it certainly ſerves as a moſt pleaſing little ornament to them.

11. A ticket for the benefit night of Bonnor, a comedian at Bath, about the year 1782. The ſubject is: *Shakeſpeare catching a thought from Nature.* This print poſſeſſes no merit in the execution. It was meant however (which it certainly is) as an honeſt compliment to the Poet.

12. The Nymph of Immortality, attended by the Loves, crowning the Buſt of Shakeſpeare; by Cypriani, engraved by Bartolozzi. Three of the Loves have very little to captivate; and the crowding in, and conceit of the ſtream, is unworthy of Cypriani. If the whole of this deſign, had equalled the happy thought of the weeping child, it would have been a maſterly performance. The Buſt and the Nymph of Immortality are charmingly conceived.* Part of the lines under this print are:

> His trump of Fame ſo loud, that Time's laſt date
> The deathleſs echo ſhall as loud repeat.

MESSRS. BOYDELLS and NICHOLS, may apply to themſelves the words of Sir Thomas Hanmer—" Since therefore, other nations have taken care to dignify the works of their moſt celebrated poets, with the faireſt impreſ-

ons,

*THOSE who have the ſucceſs at heart of the edition now coming out, will think it unfortunate that this good man ſhould have been cut off, ere his genius had produced more tributary offerings to Shakeſpeare. The Poet himſelf would have applied his own words to him:

> His life was gentle, and the elements
> So mixt in him, that nature might ſtand up,
> And ſay to all the world: *This was a man.*

And what Cowley has ſo nobly ſaid of Vandyck, will not be inapplicable to Mr. Cypriani:

> Nor was his life leſs perfect than his art,
> Nor was his hand leſs erring than his heart.
> There was no falſe or fading colour there.—

ſions, beautified with the ornaments of ſculpture, well may our Shakeſpeare be thought to deſerve no leſs conſideration: and as a freſh acknowledgment hath lately been paid to his merit, and a high regard to his name and memory, by erecting his ſtatue at a public expence; ſo it is deſired that this new edition of his works, which hath coſt ſome attention and care, may be looked upon as another ſmall monument deſigned and dedicated to his honour."

TITUS

TITUS ANDRONICUS.

It is no incurious ſpeculation, to mark the gradations by which he roſe from mediocrity to the ſummit of excellence; from artleſs and unintereſting dialogues, to thoſe unparalleled compoſitions, which have rendered him the delight and wonder of ſucceſſive ages.

MALONE.

Ah! if Longinus had read Shakeſpeare!

M. SHERLOCK.

Vignette.

Head-piece.

THE reſpectable names who have given decided opinions againſt this play being the production of Shakeſpeare, will rather deter the propoſer of this edition from being very anxious in adorning it with many engravings. He muſt conſider it as no production of Shakeſpeare's, notwithſtanding the opinion of an ingenious and moralizing female critic, " that he would never have ſtrewed ſuch ſweet flowers upon a *caput mortuum*, if ſome child of his had not lain entombed underneath." Few will find themſelves much intereſted in this *ſanguinary* performance *. As we are told, however, that from the exceeding candour and good-nature of Shakeſpeare, he very frequently aſſiſted others in their dramatic purſuits; and as ſome fine touches of a ſuperior hand occaſionally (though rarely) preſent themſelves, it would be hard to deny due homage to ſuch, as they might have been, and no doubt were, the production of his pen.

I WOULD propoſe then as a Head-piece to this play, an exact copy of the whole and entire Vignette ſcene print, with which Mr. De Loutherbourgh has enriched Bell's laſt edition, without the leaſt alteration whatever

* Who can ſuppoſe Shakeſpeare to have written theſe lines;

Sorrow concealed, like an oven ſtopp'd,
Doth burn the heart to cinders, where it is.

We may as well ſuppoſe Mortimer to have given us the deſigns of Henry Overton—or Hogarth to have drawn thoſe of Collet. I cannot but think that many parts of this play (particularly the third act) were written with the ſame deſign as Fielding's Tom Thumb—if not—they are of that complexion that his own *Caliban* would ſhrink from them; and yet we are aſſured by an Editor of *no Gothic prepoſſeſſions*, that this *third act in particular may be read with admiration, even by the moſt delicate!*

ever, unleſs indeed ſome very little alteration in the face of *Quintus*. For though the deſigned print for page 497 will be relative to this *unhallowed and blood-ſtained hole*, yet it will by no means interfere with the preſent Head-piece; and beſides, ſo fine a deſcription as this play gives us of the pit, may well deſerve to be the ſubject of a ſecond engraving; and I ſhould be blamed for relinquiſhing from this projected edition, ſo well executed a deſign as the above moſt certainly is.

Scene-Prints.

I CAN ſcarce conceive a more intereſting etching than might be taken in the ſtyle of Mortimer's *York*, and repreſenting a half-length or portrait of *Titus*, when ſpeaking the funeral oration on the interment of his ſons†. The dreſs might be partly taken from the cut in Theobald's 12mo. edition.

Page 497.

To produce a metzotinto for this page will require the invention of a wild and terrible imagination—*ſavage as Salvator Roſa, fierce as Michael Angelo.*

† THE lines are inexpreſſibly ſoothing—to give them the higheſt praiſe—they are worthy of Shakeſpeare. They are ſuch as we may ſuppoſe his ſhade to have offered, at the tomb of his warmeſt advocate—

In peace and honour reſt thou here *O Garrick*:
My readieſt champion, repoſe though here in reſt,
Secure from worldly chances and miſhaps!
Here lurks no treaſon, here no envy ſwells,
Here grow no damned grudges; here no ſtorm,
No noiſe, but ſilence and eternal ſleep.

Angelo. The gloomy terrors of Pouſin ſhould be aided with the imagination of ſuch painters as Brueghel *d'enfer*, Callot, P. Teſta, Albert Durer (who has given us a hell-ſcene, and a *man on horſeback followed by a ſpectre, and accompanied by Death on horſeback*), the painter of *Ugolino*, perhaps ‡, and others, whoſe pencils have touched the *terrible graces*. Such only can repreſent this *deteſted, dark, and blood-drinking pit*. This admirable deſcription of Shakeſpeare's, well merits the exertions of genius. He himſelf tells us, that in or near this abhorred pit,

——————— at dead time of the night
A thouſand fiends, a thouſand hiſſing ſnakes,
Ten thouſand ſwelling toads, as many urchins,
Would make ſuch fearful and confuſed cries,
As any mortal body, hearing it,
Would ſtraight fall mad, or elſe die ſuddenly.

THE *ragged entrails* of the pit will be ſeen, by means of the light ariſing from the ring on the bloody finger of *Baſſianus*, whoſe ghaſtly and murdered carcaſe muſt be drawn, with *Marcus* viewing it with ſtartled fear *. A human ſkeleton would not be improperly introduced in ſome corner

‡ "WITH whoſe pencil, Beauty in all her forms, and the Paſſions in all their varieties are equally familiar." NICHOLL'S HOGARTH.

* No light, but only darkneſs viſible
Serv'd only to diſcover ſights of woe. MILTON.

THE ſituation of Aaron Hill, ſhocking as it was, was yet wanting in one of the *terrible graces* of Shakeſpeare's pit :—the fearful and confuſed *cries* of ſnakes and ſwelling toads.—

"THE celebrated Aaron Hill, when in Egypt, had the curioſity to examine a catacomb; he was accompanied in his expedition by two other gentlemen, and conducted by a guide, (one of the natives of the country.) They at length arrived at the ſpot, and without taking notice of ſome fellows who were ſauntering about the place, they deſcended by ropes into the vault. No ſooner were they let down, than they were preſented with a ſpectacle which ſtruck them with terror: two gentlemen, apparently ſtarved to death, lay before them. One of theſe unhappy victims had a tablet in his hand, on which was written, in pathetic language, the ſtory of their lamentable fate: it ſeems they were brothers of rank and family in Venice, and having, in the courſe of their travels, entruſted themſelves with one of the natives, for the purpoſe of viſiting the inſide of the catacomb, the perfidious villain had left them

to

corner of this doleful cave (with a toad crawling through the ribs); but the addition of fiends, ſwelling toads, &c. muſt be introduced, *ad libitum*, by ſome ſecond Brueghel.

Page 502 *.

THE lines in this page, deſcribing the powers of harmony, may produce from ſome artiſt of eminence, a *Fancy* piece worthy of them; and the ideas which will ariſe in the painter's imagination, will be the ſureſt guide to beauty, and will ſhew the futility of here offering more hints than briefly ſaying—that a kind of *St. Cecilia* figure may be introduced, playing on a lute—whoſe celeſtial countenance may be expreſſive of that ſublime harmony, which, we may preſume, the peruſal of Dryden's Ode would give birth to; or the liſtening to Handen's ſtrains would raiſe in the heart of a Sheridan.

THE monſter *Aaron, that damned Moor*, may be in the back-ground, as liſtening to her; and (with his

——————————— cloudy melancholy
And fleece of woolly hair, that now uncurls

Even

them there to periſh. The danger to which Mr. Hill and his friends were expoſed, inſtantly alarmed them; they had ſcarce read the ſhocking tale, when looking up, they beheld their inhuman guide, aſſiſted by two others whom they had ſeen near the ſpot, cloſing the entrance into the vault. They were now reduced to the utmoſt diſtreſs, however they drew their ſwords, and were determined to make ſome deſperate effort to reſcue themſelves from a ſcene ſo truly dreadful. With this reſolution, they were groping about at random in the dark, when they were ſtartled at the groans of ſome one ſeemingly in the agonies of death; they attended to the diſmal ſound, and at length, by means of a glimmering light from the top of the catacomb, they ſaw a man juſt murdered; and a little beyond, they diſcovered his inhuman murderers, flying with the utmoſt precipitation; they purſued them immediately, and though they were not able to come up with them, they however had the good fortune to reach the opening through which theſe wretches eſcaped out of the cavern, before they had time to roll the ſtone on the top of it. Thus Mr. Hill and his friends were by a miracle ſaved."

[*Journal from Baſſora to Bagdad.*]

* A VERY intereſting ſketch of a head, might be taken from what *Marcus* ſays of the boy, in page 515—but as this *ſcene* could not have been written by Shakeſpeare, it will be paſſed over.

Even as an adder, when ſhe doth unroll
To do ſome fatal execution)

as at the moment of his dark vindictive features, being ſoftened and relenting from his dire purpoſe, by the ſweet ſounds of muſic—his knife dropping from his hand—

He would have dropp'd his knife, and fell aſleep
As Cerberus at the Thracian poet's feet. †

His dreſs may be taken from Hanmer's edition.

Page 545.

I am Revenge; *ſent from the infernal kingdom*,
To eaſe the gnawing vulture of thy mind.

From theſe lines might be etched a wild *Fancy* head (*in ſtrange and ſad habiliment*), ſomewhat in the ſtyle of Mortimer's head of *Lear*.

Or, ſhould theſe lines not be choſen, another print of a ſimilar kind might be taken from p. 490, repreſenting the head of *Aaron*, as proclaiming the revenge and vengeance of his ſoul.

Page 556.

It would be diſguſting to repreſent all the dead and mangled bodies on the ſtage; and had *Titus* been an intereſting character, (which he certainly

† ——————————— Scylla wept
And chid her barking waves into attention,
And fell Charibdis murmur'd ſoft applauſe. Milton.

tainly is not) an affecting painting might have been taken at the time his ſon imprints his laſt kiſs on his father's pale cold lips.

How then are we to introduce to advantage, the beautiful lines which *Lucius* addreſſes to the *Boy*—(and which, by the by, are not introduced in Dod's Beauties of Shakeſpeare.)—Are we to draw *Lucius* as ſpeaking them to the *Boy*; whoſe innocent and mildly affected look may be glancing, or fixed on his fond grandſire.—Or muſt we have a *Fancy* piece of *Age* and *Youth*, repreſenting a fond, intereſting, and venerable old man, in the moment deſcribed in theſe lines:

> Many a matter hath he told to thee *,
> Meet, and agreeing with thine infancy?

If the former is preferred, it would be better to omit *Marcus* and the other characters.

SHOULD the latter be choſen—nature alone muſt dictate to a painter, the ſmiling expreſſion of each countenance. A *Fancy*-piece of venerable age, will be more intereſting than the mangled trunk of *Titus*. † Some may chooſe to give to the *Boy*, a look different from ſmiling; and ſomewhat ſimilar to that in Mr. Bunbury's *Sad Story*. And a *Fancy* dreſs may be choſen by ſome, like that in Guercino's *Woman begging water*, in the collection of Drawings by Rogers; and in the ſame ſtile of engraving.

* WHAT a picture would Sir Joſhua produce from this ſcene!

† Can we poſſibly ſuppoſe Shakeſpeare to have written the two laſt lines which the boy ſpeaks?

Tail-piece.

Tail-piece.

THE touches of Shakeſpeare being diſcernible in the *Clown*; it will form a good print for this department, to have a half length etching of him, as ſaying in page 532—*Oh! the gibbet-maker* ?——and it might be in the ſame ſtyle of etching as Mr. Bunbury's *Courier Anglois*, or Ryland's print from Vandyck in the collection of drawings by Rogers. The expreſſion of the face, muſt be left to each one's humorous imagination.*

A LIST of ſuch Prints taken from this play, as I have *ſeen*. Thoſe I have not ſeen, are printed in Italics.

1. Bell's firſt and ſecond edition.
2. Hanmer.
3. Theobald.
4. Rowe.
5. A cut by L. du Guernier, to an edit. in 8 vol. 8vo. printed for Tonſon, in 1735.
6. *Pope's 12mo. edition*
7. *Lowndes.*
8. *Taylor's picturesque Beauties.*

CORIOLANUS.

Thine too theſe golden keys, immortal boy!
This can unlock the gates of joy;
Of horror that, and ſhrilling fears,
Or ope the ſacred ſource of ſympathetic tears. GRAY.

Vignette.

CORIOLANUS.

Head-piece.

THERE is ſcarce any other play of our author's, ſo barren of ſubjects for engravings, as this tragedy of Coriolanus. *Volumnia* is much too groſs and maſculine to be any ways interreſting; and the modeſt and amiable *Virgilia* makes her appearance too ſeldom to be the ſubject of more than one print. Notwithſtanding the many fine ſentiments ſcattered throughout this play, we do not meet with *many* concerns that touch the heart, or that forcibly engage the attention.

THE ſituations in which *Coriolanus* might be drawn to moſt advantage, are at the pages 341, 352, 358, 367, 377, 428, 434, 437, 439, 440, 451, 482, 484 and 497.

I WOULD wiſh to ſelect the Head-piece from page 352—and it may be an etching of the portrait of *Coriolanus*, as he appears in that page, at the moment of ſaying *Pluto and hell!*—and though there may be no neceſſity to repreſent him as *curſing*, yet he ſhould have in his appearances, (with his ſword drawn) that animated and feroce paſſion, which the daſtardly ſhrinking of his ſoldiers muſt have given riſe to. The ſame ornaments might be thrown round this Head-piece, which decorate the Vignette to Bell's laſt edition. *

* HIS *military* dreſs may be taken from the books which treat on the Roman antiquities; from the print in Hanmer; or from the Vignette to Bell's laſt edition.

Scene-

Scene-Prints.

SOME beautiful lines at page 377, will furniſh a good picture of *Coriolanus*, and his wife *Virgilia*. It is needleſs to repreſent the other characters. The lines are theſe:

> *Cor.* My gracious ſilence, hail!
> Would'ſt thou have laugh'd, had I come coffin'd home,
> That weep'ſt to ſee me triumph? Ah! my dear,
> Such eyes the widows in Corioli wear,
> And mothers that lack ſons.

They might be drawn as half-lengths; and his dreſs may be partly taken from Gravelot's print to Theobald. Her head may be gracefully declining; and her hand cloſed in his. The expreſſion of, *my gracious ſilence* (ſee the note to this page) ſufficiently paints her character.

Page 428.

I FIND a difficulty, whether to give this page the preference to the words: *There is a world elſewhere*—in page 437—or to ſelect the words: *Muſt I go ſhew them my unbar'd ſconce?* from this preſent page 428, for a portrait of *Coriolanus*, in the ſtyle of Mortimer's etchings of heads from Shakeſpeare. I think he will appear to as much advantage in this preſent page.

HE will be drawn in the attitude of addreſſing himſelf to the other characters; and muſt of courſe bear the marks of that auſtere dignity,

and

and haughty command, which made him ſo reluctantly obey the entreaties of his mother—and as of one, who had rather *follow his enemy in a fiery gulf, than flatter him in a bower.* Perhaps he would appear to equal advantage at the words:

——————To the market place.—

Page 451.

We muſt not omit adorning this page, with a very ſpirited repreſentation of the noble *Coriolanus* diſcloſing himſelf to his greateſt enemy, *Aufidius.* We may draw them both as half-lengths; and *Coriolanus* may be in the moment of ſaying:

If, Tullus,
Not yet thou know'ſt me, and ſeeing me, doſt not
Think me for the man I am, neceſſity
Commands me name myſelf.

I may incur the cenſure of preſumption, in poſitively fixing on the above lines, as the moſt proper moment to repreſent them; but if this particular paſſage ſhould not be deemed the moſt beautiful point to draw them from; the whole ſcene is very happily ſo nobly drawn, that many other lines will afford the fulleſt ſcope for an artiſt's pencil. If the above lines are approved of, we may draw them at half-length; and though the *tackle* of the noble ſoldier is much *torn*; yet he muſt ſhew himſelf *a noble veſſel.* He may be in mean apparel—muffled up—and his face, during the time of his ſpeaking the above lines, ſhould wear the marks of him, whom *all tongues ſpoke of*—and to whom *the nobles bended, as to Jove's ſtatue*—but whoſe uſual martial and commanding fierceneſs may be ſomewhat ſoftened by a dejection ariſing from his thankleſs countrymen. Equal juſtice ſhould be done to the noble minded *Aufidius*; and in order to impreſs us with a veneration for his preſent

ſent behaviour, we ſhould peruſe what is ſaid of him in ſome preceding pages, where his violent enmity to *Coriolanus* is ſo ſtrongly painted:

Auf. If we and *Caius Marcius* chance to meet,
'Tis ſworn between us, we ſhall ever ſtrike
'Till one can do no more, page 345.

Auf. We hate alike;
Not Africk owns a ſerpent, I abhor,
More than thy fame and envy. page 361.

Auf. ——————— where I find him, were it
At home, upon my brother's guard, even there,
Againſt the hoſpitable canon, would I
Waſh my fierce hand in his heart.

And yet in this ſcene, (extremity having brought him to his *hearth*) all ancient malice is forgot, and every root of ancient envy.

Tail-Piece. †

THE concluding page of this play will furniſh a very proper Tail-piece; as it will give an opportunity of again repreſenting *Aufidius*, who is now generouſly touched with ſorrow at the untimely end of:

—The moſt noble corſe that ever herald
Did follow to his urn.

HE may be drawn at half-length; either ſaying: *my rage is gone, and I am ſtruck with ſorrow*; with an attitude expreſſive of an elevated look to

† HAD I not already propoſed four different repreſentations of *Coriolanus*, he might have been drawn with *Aufidius*, in a very ſpirited ſcene at p. 497, at the expreſſion of: *thou boy of tears*.—Some may perhaps prefer this, to what I have hinted for the Tail-piece.

Heaven—

Heaven—or he may be rather turning on one ſide, as if viewing the corſe, and ſaying,

Yet he ſhall have a noble memory!

The nobleſt figure of an ancient warrior (and which almoſt gives one the very deſign and figure of *Coriolanus)* is in *The Departure of Hector*—a very fine print, and I believe, one of the lateſt productions of the lamented Cypriani. *

* A liſt of ſuch Prints, taken from this play, as I have ſeen. Thoſe I have not ſeen, are printed in Italics.

1. Bell's two editions.
2. Hanmer.
3. Theobald.
4. Rowe.
5. A cut by L. du Guernier, to an edit. in 8 vol. 8vo. printed for Tonſon, in 1735.
6. *Pope's 12mo. edition.*
7. *Lowndes.*
8. *Taylor.*
9. *Coriolanus, by Angel. Kauffman*—engraved by Bartolozzi. 1l. 1s. 1785 or 1786. It deſcribes the moment of Coriolanus, ſaying to the boy:

The God of ſoldiers,
With the conſent of ſupreme Jove, &c. p. 484.

TAMING OF THE SHREW.

It was impoſſible for Shakeſpeare, in his idleſt hours, perhaps when he was only reviſing the traſh of others, not to leave ſome ſtrokes of the *maſter* behind him. HURD.

Nature herſelf was proud of his deſignes,
And joy'd to weare the dreſſings of his lines!

B. JOHNSON.

Vignette.

LAYING OF THE SHREW.

Head-piece.

THE *induction* to this play (which is dignified by the expoſition of an accompliſhed critic) is a delightful frolic of the poet's fancy—It will furniſh an excellent print for the head-piece. It may be taken from page 408; where the ſervants ſhould be drawn as officiouſly running after *Sly*, with ſack, conſerves, and apparel—the *Lord* at a diſtance ſmiling—and *Sly* (a drunken-looking, careleſs, lounging, unthinking jolly tinker), as willing to get rid of, or avoid their attentions; yet intreatingly, though at the ſame time fretfully crying out—*For God's ſake, a pot of ſmall ale.*

SHOULD the next page be preferred; he may appear as provoked at their attentions, and paſſionately, or rather very fretfully telling them, *If you give me any conſerves, give me conſerves of beef.*

THERE are two other expreſſions of *Sly*, in page 410 and page 412; either of which would ſuit the preſent deſign; ſuch as, *If ſhe ſay I am not fourteen-pence*—and his catching at the name of *Cicely Hacket*. In the Gentleman's Magazine for June 1767, may be ſeen ſo very pleaſing a figure from the happy pencil of M. De Loutherbourg, that we cannot but wiſh the figure of *Sly* might be given from his idea of it *.

* A VERY droll print of village ſociality, might be taken by Mr. Bunbury, from p. 412. It might repreſent this worthy tinker, at *Marian Hacket's* of Wincot, with *Stephen Sly, old John Naps 'oth' Green, Peter Turf* and *Henry Pimpernell*, not as ſmoking their pipes, (as ſcarce at that day introduced) but drinking their ale in *ſtone-jugs*.

Scene-

Scene-Prints.

THE firſt ſcene-print that will occur in this play, is from page 439. It will exhibit an admirable contraſt of the two ſiſters. The father may be coming in at the moment after *Katharine* has ſtruck her ſiſter. The figure of the Shrew ſhould be commanding, and her features ſhould bear the marks of haughty inſolence and domineering paſſion—and yet at the ſame time *young and beauteous*—while thoſe of her gentle ſiſter ſhould be ſoftened with that *beauteous modeſty*, that meek and inoffenſive ſpirit, and thoſe winning charms which cauſed her lover to cry out—*Sacred and ſweet was all I ſaw in her.* Her attitude may be that of weeping modeſty; and her father may be turning in amazement to her, and ſaying (with a look of pitying commiſeration), *Poor girl, ſhe weeps.*

Page 464.

THE moſt proper ornament for this page (which is "a whimſical luxuriance of riſible deſcription," would be a coloured etching in the manner of Mr. Bunbury, and repreſenting *Petruchio* and his *truſty pleaſant ſervant* on horſeback, as *Biondello* deſcribes them. Mortimer's wild fancy ſhould be joined to the humour and groteſque imagery of Mr. Bunbury. They may be galloping or plunging over a rough, or through a marſhy place—*Petruchio* looking wild and fierce—and poor *Grumio* paddling on a poney after him. To Mr. Bunbury it would be impertinent to ſuggeſt hints; otherwiſe, flaſhes of that groteſque wildneſs, ſo eſſential to this outré ſcene, might be caught from Coypel's, Picart's, or ſome of the other prints to Quixotte; or from Hogarth's quarto prints to Hudibras.

bras. There are three horſes in Mr. Bunbury's prints, which inſtantly preſent themſelves as proper for *Grumio*:—the ſervants poney in *Moſes* which may either be on a canter or not)—that on which Dr. *Dauble* rides —and that whimſical one in the *City Hunt*, on which a butcher is mounted †.

Page 474.

THIS is the only ſcene where we ſhall ſee *Katharine* and *Petruchio* at high wrangling; and the characteriſtic paſſions of each, ſhould be expreſſed in a manner worthy of ſo ſpirited a page. There ought to be no leſs than nine figures in this ſcene; yet even this ſhould not weigh againſt the introduction of ſome print; as there is only one other page where the parties are downright quarrelling, which is at page 499, (and a print of another kind will be there introduced)—for the ſcene of their courtſhip conſiſts more of the *bullets of the brain* than quarrelling.

SUPPOSE *Katharine* and *Petruchio* only are drawn, and the other characters left out (as they will appear elſewhere); if ſo, we may dreſs *Petruchio* as *Biondello* deſcribes him, (and a whip in his hand, like thoſe the French poſtillions have, and which are frequently met with in Mr. Bunbury's prints), in the moment of graſping the injured and inſulted *Katharine* firmly by the hand, and ſaying, with a look of ſtern determination,

But for my bonny Kate, *ſhe muſt with me.*

THE fine countenance of Woodward, in Bell's firſt edition of Shakeſpeare, will eaſily be empaſſioned with a more confirmed reſolve. *Katharine*

* SOME may prefer the ſcene deſcribed in page 479, where *Katherine* may be drawn with the horſe tumbled on her; and *Petruchio* belabouring his man *becauſe her horſe ſtumbled.*

rine may be eying her *ſurly groom* with a *big look*, and as ſeeming willing, (if ſhe could get looſe from him) to *ſtamp*, and *ſtare*, and *fret* ‡.

Page 482.

AMIDST the numberleſs paſſages from this wonderful poet, which continually preſent themſelves as objects for our preſent deſign, we find it every difficult to determine which ſhall be choſen, and which rejected; as many of them muſt unavoidably be, from their becoming too numerous. ſuch is the arch and imprudent waggery of *Biondello* (page 424), when he aſks his maſter, whether he has *ſtolen* his cloaths—(Edwin, with theſe words, would ſet an audience in a roar)—ſuch the gibing courtſhip of *Petruchio* and *Katharine* in act the ſecond—ſuch, the droll figures that might be taken from page 479, where *Grumio* ſtrikes his fellow ſervant on the ear—ſuch the ludicrous impertinence of *Grumio* (page 405), when he offers his miſtreſs the muſtard without the beef;—and the rich lines in the laſt page but one, would ſurely furniſh a fine repreſentation of the humbled *Katharine*. Thus are we ſituated in the preſent page, being at a loſs whether to ſelect the ſubject here preſented, or that in page 484.

IF the former is preferred, we may draw *Petruchio* in a boiſterous attitude and ſtorm of paſſion, as having juſt ſmacked his whip; and in the ſame dreſs *Biondello* deſcribes—with the draggled *Katharine*, ſcarce recovered from her fall; yet bearing ſtill the marks of ſtubborn peeviſhneſs—and *Grumio* in the attitude of ſaying: *Here, Sir; as fooliſh as I was before.* Strokes of humour may be thrown into the fearful countenances of the amazed ſervants; but *Curtis* may be advancing a little forwards, as archly enjoying the ſcrape poor *Grumio* is in; who is not now quite ſo pert and courageous as when he ſtruck *Curtis* on the ear. To thoſe who have ſeen Woodward in *Petruchio*, Clive in *Katharine*, and Yates in *Grumio*, additional

‡ IT is impoſſible to recommend the unmeaning Vignette, in Bell's laſt edition.

onal ſtrokes of character muſt preſent themſelves. I have a faint recollection of Baddely in this laſt character—his figure ſeemed an incomparable one—it was the very picture of a *little pot.* To do juſtice to *Grumio* will well exerciſe the pencil of commicallity.

SHOULD the preference be given to the latter page, the wild fantaſtic *Petruchio* may be drawn in the moment of daſhing the mutton at their heads; and it will conſiderably heighten this ſcene, to introduce as much confuſion as poſſible. The table may be on the point of tumbling over; the trenchers, cups, &c. falling down; *Katharine* leaning back on her chair, as wiſhing to get ſafe out of the way; the ſervants ſcampering off, and one of them knocked down by another running againſt him, or tumbling over the *ſpaniel Troïlus*; and Grumio ſhould be pourtrayed in ſuch a manner as will beſt deſcribe the peculiar dry archneſs of ſo droll a creature §.

§ IN one of *Petruchio's* mad fits, when he and his bride were at ſupper, Woodward ſtuck a fork, it is ſaid, in Mrs. Clive's finger; and in puſhing her off the ſtage, he was ſo much in earneſt, that he threw her down. This inimitable comic actreſs (who for more than forty years was the delight of the town) was a perfect miſtreſs of Katharine's humour.

THERE is another character of Shakeſpeare's, in the performance of which ſhe acquired uncommon applauſe; though ſhe certainly performed it in a manner very different from what the author intended—it was *Portia*—for that fine ſcene in which the appeal to mercy is introduced, was no doubt deſigned by Shakeſpeare to be *ſolemn, pathetic* and *affecting*:—"the comic finiſhing, therefore, (ſays Victor) which Mrs. Clive gave to the different parts of the pleadings, (though marked with her delightful ſpirit of humour,) was very far from being in character: yet ſuch were the faſcinating charms of this darling of the public, that ſhe forced the town to follow, and beſtow on her the loudeſt plaudits." I do not know that any of Shakeſpeare's other characters were graced by her pre-eminent powers; or whether ſhe ever appeared in *Audrey*—in *Juliet's* nurſe—in *Tearſheet*, or in dame *Quickley*—in *Maria* in Twelfth Night—or in *Margaret* in Much Ado. I cannot find any mention of her having appeared in theſe parts; or even in that of the ſprightly *Beatrice*; and yet the writers on the ſtage have been particularly fond of dwelling on Clive's excellencies: ſhe having been highly complimented, not only by Churchill, but by thoſe pleaſing biographers Wilks, Victor, and Davies. "Happy was that author, (ſays Davies) who could write a part equal to her abilities! ſhe not only in general, exceeded the writer's expectation; but all that the moſt enlightened ſpectator could conceive.———I ſhall as ſoon expect to ſee another Butler, Rabelais, or Swift, as a Clive." I quote this from the Dramatic Miſcellanies; but in the life of Garrick, her excellencies and merit, are recorded with the pen of a Cibber.

SINCE

Page 500.

Petruchio and *Katharine* having already made more than one appearance, there is no great neceſſity to introduce them, or *Hortenſio* in this page. And though, by this means we ſhall miſs a moſt comic repreſentation of the *Taylor*'s face, when in the moment of telling *Petruchio—ſhe ſays, your worſhip means to make a puppet of her*—as well as the ſudden ſtart of *Grumio*, when he ſays—*I gave him no orders, I gave him the ſtuff*—and muſt alſo miſs that droll attitude and look of *Grumio*, when ſaying to his maſter—*if ever I ſaid a looſe-bodied gown*—and yet, perhaps, theſe omiſſions may be amply recompenſed by giving the figure of the *Taylor*, with *Grumio* ſaying to him—*marry, Sir, with a needle and thread*; or, *thou has faced many things*.

It muſt be left to each one's imagination, to impreſs theſe figures with characteriſtic humour. Was *Petruchio* to be introduced, what a fine contraſt there would be, from his tyrannic roughneſs and the *Taylor*'s figure. As the ſcene lies at *Petruchio*'s country-houſe, the room may be ornamented in the uſual manner of old halls, with ſtags horns, pikes, and ruſty armour.

Page

Since I wrote the above, Mrs. Clive is dead:—Some months after her deceaſe, the following tribute appeared in the Morning Herald for January 1786.—"What, not a ſingle verſe to the memory of *Kitty Clive?*—ſhe who has indeed kept 'theatres in a roar,' and by the neateſt playing, and moſt chaſte humour that ever adorned the mimic world!"

Page 514.

As *Biondello* has not yet been introduced, we may in this page draw him to advantage. He ſhould be a ſly arch-featured rogue, with that kind of peculiar humour which we have ſeen on the ſtage, when ſuch parts as Marplot—Tom, in the Conſcious Lovers—Braſs—and poor Timothy Sharp, have been performed by eminent comedians. He may be in the moment of ſaying—*for I never ſaw you before in all my life. Vincentio* may be preſſing his cane, to lay it about him; the *Pedant* may be looking out at the window, and *Petruchio* at a ſmall diſtance, with *Katharine*; who has not yet appeared otherwiſe than as the haughty Shrew; but who may now be drawn as her father has deſcribed her, *young and beauteous*, leaning on the arm of her huſband, with features inclining to, or expreſſive of thoſe meek and conciliating ſentiments which ſhe delivers at the end of the play. The atrendants may be left out.

Page 527.

It appears, at if *Petruchio*'s fantaſtic dreſs was continued to the end of the play; and yet we have liberty to preſume he may have changed it at *Lucentio*'s apartments; and this is ſeemingly confirmed in page 496; if ſo, it will be more pleaſant to ſee him in his natural dreſs, which no print for this *proſpectus*, has yet exhibited him in. The print therefore that I could wiſh might adorn this page, is that beautifully expreſſive one of Woodward, in Bell's firſt edition of this play. The cotemporaries of Woodward will be much pleaſed, in ſeeing ſo fine a memorial of that worthy ornament of the ſtage. There is a half-length print of

Woodward in the ſame character, engraved by Smith, after Vandergucht; and I do not know but what the print in Bell, is partly taken from it.

Tail-piece.

THE church-ſcene as deſcribed by *Grumio*, in page 470, will form the beſt print for this department; and will be a comic finiſhing to this admirable comic piece. *Petruchio* muſt be in the dreſs deſcribed by *Biondello*; and may be ſternly and roughly quaffing off the muſcadel, with his eye glancing towards the ſimple *Sexton*, and as on the point of daſhing the ſops into his face—but the chief beauty in this deſign will be the *Sexton's* look and attitude. He may be drawn in the moment of ſeeming *to aſk him ſops as he was drinking*; and the kind of face that would beſt ſuit him, is that of the laſt monk, in the portrait of Ghezzi, in the firſt volume of the collection of drawings by Rogers—or ſimilar to the look of Tom Weſton, as it appears in a ſmall print of him, in Dr. Laſt, in Smith's ſet of prints of dramatic characters dedicated to Mr. Garrick—or at leaſt ſomething like this look. His look ſhould be one of thoſe which Edwin very frequently exhibits *Katharine* may be withdrawing on one ſide: fearful, yet frowning. *Gremio* may be very well left out, as he might have been a ſpectator of this wedding at a diſtance in the church—but the poor *Vicar*, being juſt recovered from his *cuff* and tumble, may be pulling wry faces in a corner. It would conſiderably heighten this little piece, to introduce one of thoſe dogs which we ſee in Mr. Bunbury's prints, either looking directly at the pained *Vicar*, or peeping up at the ſexton. It would be too ludicrous (*cum ſacris*) to have the ſame dog which is near the wall in *Pont-Neuf*, in a corner with the *Vicar*;—but ſuch a dog as the little one in the *Chriſtmas Academics*, might, I think, be well introduced; or that in the *Shaver*

and

and the Shavee, of a leſs ſize, though with the ſame eye, looking at the *Vicar*; or perhaps a little ſharp, impudent looking dog, with his tail cocked up (peeping behind a pillar) and juſt catching the *Vicar*'s look *.

* A LIST of ſuch Prints as have been publiſhed from this play. Thoſe I have not ſeen, are printed in Italics.

1. Bell's two editions.
2. Hanmer.
3. Theobald.
4. Rowe.
5. A cut by Fourdrinier, in an edition, in 8 vol. 8vo. printed for Tonſon, 1735.
6. *Pope.*
7. *Lowndes.*
8. *Taylor's publication.*
9. *Woodward in Petruchio.* Engraved by Smith, from after Vandergucht.

MERCHANT

MERCHANT OF VENICE.

——————— Each line, each verſe,
Here ſhall revive, redeem thee from thy hearſe.
Beſure, my Shakeſpeare! thou can'ſt never die,
But, crown'd with laurel, live eternally!

L. Diggeſ.

Vignette.

Head-piece.

THE Vignette Scene-print to Bell's laſt edition by M. de Loutherbourg, is ſo well deſigned, and the ornaments ſo happily imagined, that I would propoſe a fac ſimile of it, for the head-piece. No alteration whatever I think ſhould be made, unleſs indeed the dreſs of *Gratiano* were leſs cumbrous, and his face more expreſſive—and the laſt look of *Shylock* ſhould be directed more to *Gratiano* than to the audience. The figure of *Shylock* is as finely drawn, as that by Ramberg is meanly ſo. Mr. Bell, is indeed right, when in his addreſs he ſays—" The public have much to expect from the ſuperior talents of Mr. Loutherbourg—his having long-lived in habits of intimacy with Mr. Garrick, his familiarity with the ſtage, and dramatic effect, added to the renown he has acquired in every line of his profeſſion, promiſes to ſoar ſtill higher on the preſent occaſion." His figure of this maſterly character, ſhews *ſtrong conceptions of deep malevolence.* It is indeed infinitely ſuperior to any deſign yet given of the Jew, nor can any other bear the leaſt competition with it, unleſs it be the print mentioned for page 225.

Scene-Prints.

As *Launcelot* is no ſmall favourite on the ſtage, and poſſeſſes a good ſhare of the drollery of Shakeſpeare's clowns, I would exhibit him for page 158; where I think this *unthrifty knave* will appear to more advan-

tage than in any other page, and he will there appear with old *Gobbo*, as ſaying:

> Do I look like a cudgel, or a hovel poſt,
> A ſtaff, or a prop?—do you know me, father?

And if the figure of *Launcelot*, in the print which repreſents that very ſcene in Taylor's "Pictureſque Beauties of Shakeſpeare," ſhould not be entirely approved of: we may ſelect from this ſame print, the figure of *Gobbo*, which I think will be liable to no objection. And from Canaletti's Views of Venice, or from the Views of Venice, engraved by Luca Carlevariis, or any of the other books on the buildings of Italy, may be ſelected ſome ſmall buildings to fill up the back-ground. Of the comedians who have moſt ſhone in the character of *Launcelot*, I believe the following names have been the moſt conſpicuous—Neale *, Shuter † (or "comical Need of Covent-Garden,") Woodward ‡, W. Palmer §, Yates ‖, Quick, and our favourite Edwin. This part might have been given in Shakeſpeare's time to *Will. Kempe*, who was "as well in the favour of her Majeſtie, as in the opinion and good thoughts of the general audience."

Page

* Neale was a ſort of groteſque actor, whoſe particular talent was ſuited only to ſome very peculiar characters, in which he was ſure to excel every body elſe. He excelled in Shakeſpeare's *Launcelot*. DAVIES'S LIFE OF GARRICK.

† Shuter's *Launcelot* is equal to our warmeſt wiſhes. WILKES.

‡ *Launcelot*, another child of laughter, was repreſented with extreme pleaſant propriety by Mr. Woodward.——The archneſs and ſimplicity requiſite, were blended by him judiciouſly.
DRAM. CENSOR.

§ OLD *Gobbo*, by Mr. Parſons, is the character Shakeſpeare intended; and his ſon *Launcelot*, is pleaſantly hit off by Mr. W. Palmer. THEAT. REV. v. I.

‖ MR. Yates is perhaps the only actor living who ſeems to have a juſt notion of Shkeſpeare's *fools*; there is a chaſtneſs about his playing thoſe characters, that forms the beſt comment on that great poet, and illuſtrates the true force of his pen;—add to all theſe, he dreſſes his parts with ſingular propriety.
THEAT. BIOGRAPHY, 177.

Page 178.

In this page, the warm affection of generous friendship is thus beautifully expreſſed:

Sal. A kinder gentleman treads not the earth.
I ſaw *Baſſanio* and *Anthonio* part.
* * * * *
* * * * *
And even there, his eye being big with tears,
Turning his face, he put his hand behind him,
And with affection wond'rous ſenſible
He wrung *Baſſanio's* hand and ſo they parted.
Salan. I think, he only loves the world for him.*

To feel the full force of theſe lines, we ſhould refer to the ſeveral ſituations of theſe two perſons throughout the whole courſe of this play—particularly at the pages 138, 200, 201, 204, and 224.

THERE might be a half-length metzotinto of them; and the dreſs of *Baſſanio* may be partly taken from the print to Bell's firſt edition, from

* THIS noble ſpirit of friendſhip *might* have been realized, when my lord Southampton (the dear and generous friend of Shakeſpeare) embarked for the ſeige of Rees in the Dutchy of Cleve.

A SITUATION (between *Anthonio* and *Baſſanio*) ſomewhat ſimilar to that in the text, and which offers a very fine ſubject for the pencil will be found in the tryal ſcene, at the line of:

——————— ſpeak me fair in death:—

I think the preference will be given to this laſt.

third plate of Taylor's work; and from that prefixed to the edition of Lowndes. Perhaps the *Habiti della donne Venetiane*, by Giacomo Franco, publiſhed in 1606, might be uſeful in referring to for the article of dreſs. I have ſomewhere read, that the Venetian ſchool painted moſt of their hiſtorical figures in their own habits, thinking them more noble and pictureſque than any other †. The countenance of *Anthonio* ſhould be marked with an *embraced heavineſs.*

Page 187.

THIS is the firſt page in which *Shylock* might be well introduced.

The paſſages (throughout the courſe of this play) from whence he might be drawn to moſt advantage, in my humble opinion, are at the following pages.

Page 146. If I can catch him once upon the hip,
I will feed fat the antient grudge I bear him.
——

Page 159. Though the whole of this page is attended to with great attention in the Theatre, particularly when Macklin with a peculiar firm look, ſays,

Hath a dog money? is it poſſible
A cur can lend three thouſand ducats?

OR,

† A VERY good ſubject offers itſelf in Act 1. Sc. 1. when *Morochius* ſays:

Even for that I thank you.

But this play will offer a ſufficient number of engravings without this—and yet one is loth to overlook it.

Or, when he afterwards ſays,

——— Fair Sir, you ſpit on me on Wedneſday laſt.—

Yet, as a great part of the beauty of this page depends on the tone of voice in which it is delivered, it would of courſe be loſt in engraving. *

Page 169. Let not the ſound of ſhallow foppery enter
My ſober houſe.—

Page 186. ——— let him look to his bond.—

Page 187—188 and 189.

Page 202. I'll have my bond; I will not hear thee ſpeak.
I'll have my bond; and therefore ſpeak no more.

Page 213—217—220—223—225—226.

Page 228. In chriſtening thou ſhalt have two godfathers.

As the above pages are too numerous to repreſent *Shylock* in each of them; I will endeavour to ſelect ſuch ſituations as may be deemed moſt proper for the bringing forward ſo celebrated a character.

In the ſcene at page 187, there are many ſituations, in each of which Mr. Macklin exhibits ſuch infernal beauties, that it is impoſſible to ſay, from which particular line *Shylock* ſhould be drawn. This preſent ſcene is certainly one of the maſter ſtrokes of Shakeſpeare; and Mr. Macklin (even now in his advanced age) wonderfully ſupports the ſudden tranſitions from one paſſion to another—from diſtraction bordering on deſpair, for

* I have very frequently attended the theatre at Mr. Macklin's performance of *Shylock*; and I have always waited with impatience for his ſpeaking one ſhort line in the next page, which he delivers with a tone of voice ſo ſuited to the occaſion, as to impreſs every auditor with a high ſenſe of his maſterly conception of this character. It is the line of:

This is kind I offer.

for the loſs of his jewels—to joy, malevolence, and vindicative revenge, at the news of *Anthonio's* loſſes. ‡ It is impoſſible to ſay which particular ſituation in this preſent ſcene with *Tubal* would furniſh the beſt painting, and I will therefore only add the following paſſages which ſtrike me as the

‡ Mr. Macklin was born in the laſt century. His age therefore creates wonder, when we reflect upon his vigour of body and ſtrength of intellectual faculties. The boxes are crowded with perſons of the firſt diſtinction, on each night of this veteran's appearance in a character in which he never had an equal. It is unaccountable to many of Mr. Garrick's friends, why he never attempted this part; and whoever peruſes the above ſcene with *Tubal*, muſt think it written almoſt purpoſely to call forth ſuch powers as he poſſeſſed. And this indeed is the opinion of Wilkes, who in his general view of the ſtage, page 260, ſays, "I have heard one of the beſt judges of the Drama, I ever knew, ſay, that if he were to perform *Shylock* only, it would ſurpaſs all his other characters."—I find no mention in any of the old books, written on the ſubject of the theatre, of any other perſon excelling in the part of *Shylock*; but we may ſuppoſe the excellent actor, Sandford performed it, from Colley Cibber terming him the *Spagnoletto* of the theatre. Mr. King has received much applauſe in this part, and on the deceaſe of Macklin will ſtand unrivalled. Thoſe who have ſeen the late Mr. Henderſon in this part, will bear teſtimony of his excelling powers. In a prologue written for Mr. Macklin's comedy of the Man of the World, is the following tribute to it's author:

In days long paſt our bard your fathers knew.
Who has not heard of Shakeſpear's matchleſs jew?
Still like an oak in green old age he thrives,
Fann'd by your breath, the fire of youth ſurvives.
His ſpring was foſter'd by a genial ray,
Till time had ripe'd him to his ſummer's day.
Now winter's come, protect him from the blaſt,
And ſhield a vet'ran genius to the laſt!

The Dramatic Cenſor pays him the following compliment:—There is no doubt but Mr. Macklin looks the part as much better than any other perſon as he plays it; in the level ſcenes his voice is moſt happily ſuited to that ſententious gloomineſs of expreſſion the author intended; which, with a ſullen ſolemnity of deportment, marks the character ſtrongly; in his malevolence, there is a forcible and terrifying ferocity; in the third act ſcene, where alternate paſſions reign, he breaks the tones of utterance, and varies his countenance admirably; in the dumb action of the trial ſcene, he is amazingly deſcriptive; and through the whole diſplays ſuch unequalled merit, as juſtly entitles him to that very comprehenſive, though conciſe compliment paid him many years ago, "This is the Jew, that *Shakeſpeare* drew."

the moſt proper to exhibit *Shylock*; and in each of theſe ſituations, he ſhould be accompanied by *Tubal*.

I would my daughter were dead at my foot and the jewels in her ear! would ſhe were hears'd at my foot, and the ducats in her coffin! No news of them?—Why ſo:—

—— and no ſatisfaction, no revenge: nor no ill luck ſtirring, but what lights o' my ſhoulders; no ſighs, but o' my breathing; no tears, but o' my ſhedding.

I thank thee, good *Tubal*;—Good news, good news: ha! ha!—Where? in Genoa?*

I am glad of it; I'll plague him; I'll torture him; I am glad of it.

——— I would not have given it for a wilderneſs of monkies.

I will have the heart of him, if he forfeit; for were he out of Venice, I can make what merchandiſe I will:—

——————

Page 190.

And the author of the New Roſciad, ſpeaks thus of his *Shylock*:

How does chill horror all the ſoul invade,
When *Shylock*, unrelenting, whets his blade!
What rooted rancour, and what ſteadfaſt hate,
Appears to urge the unhappy merchant's fate;
Whilſt in the Jew's keen viſage is expreſt,
Whate'er ſpite, envy, malice can ſuggeſt!
In future times when Shakeſpeare ſhall be read,
When *Shylock* is no more—when Macklin's dead—
Then ſhall poſterity revere thy name
And future *Shylocks* wiſh to match thy fame.

* At the words *ah! ah!* the countenance of Macklin diſcovers ſuch a mixture of vindictive joy, and deadly revenge, as can never be conceived by thoſe who have not ſeen him. And he ſpeaks the line of: *I would not have given it for a wilderneſs of monkies*, with a ſpirit of wildneſs which terrifies the audience.

Page 190.

I WILL ſelect for my reader thoſe paſſages throughout the courſe of this play, which appear to me, the moſt favourable for the exhibiting *Baſſanio* in company with *Portia*. They are theſe:

Page 190. *Baſs.* Let me chuſe;
For as I am, I live upon the rack.

Por. Upon the rack Baſſanio? then confeſs
What treaſon there is mingled with your love.

Page 196. A gentle ſcroll;—Fair lady, by your leave.—

Page 197. ———— I give them with this ring;
Which when you part from, loſe, or give away,
Let it preſage the ruin of your love,
And be my 'vantage to exclaim on you.

Page 200. *Baſſ.* O ſweet Portia,
Here are a few of the unpleaſant'ſt words,
That ever blotted paper!

Page 201. *Por. Is it your dear friend, that is thus in trouble?*

Baſſ. The deareſt friend to me, the kindeſt man—

Page 243. *Por.* What ring gave you my lord?
Not that I hope, which you receiv'd of me.

Baſſ. If I could add a lye unto a fault,
I would deny it; but you ſee, my finger
Hath not the ring upon it, it is gone.

Or in this ſame page:

Baſſ. Sweet Portia,
If you did know to whom I gave the ring,
If you did know for whom I gave the ring.—

Again, in the ſame page:

Por. If you had known the virtues of the ring,
Or half her worthineſs that gave the ring,
Or your own honour to retain the ring,
You would not then have parted with the ring.

From the above paſſages, one ſcene print (at the beſt) ſhould be taken; and if the preference be given to that part where *Portia* ſays:

Upon the rack, *Baſſanio?*—

it will admit of her being drawn in a fine attitude, and with expreſſive paſſions. This rich ſcene of the caſkets, may introduce much magnificent ornament in the chamber; and ſome very imperfect hints towards this part of the ſcene, may be caught from the print to Hanmer's edition, as well as from that in Taylor's work. The dreſs to *Baſſanio* in this laſt print is well deſigned, and worth referring to. *Gratiano*, and the reſt of the attendants, may be partly introduced, at a proper diſtance in the background, reſpectfully waiting the anxious deciſion of *Portia's* fate.*

Page 213.

Shy. I have poſſeſs'd your grace of what I purpoſe;
And by our holy Sabbath have I ſworn,
To have the due and forfeit of my bond:

* MANY of our moſt capital actreſſes have gained diſtinguiſhed applauſe in the part of *Portia*. The late Mrs. Woffington is ſpoken of in terms of the higheſt excellence. And the late Miſs Macklin's performance (through the excellent tuition of her father, aided by her own accompliſhments) would have been unexceptionable, had her figure been leſs petite. Mrs. Abington is alſo mentioned in high terms. I have had the pleaſure of ſeeing Mrs. Yates, Miſs Yonge, and Mrs. Bulkley in this character; and though Mrs. Yates was ſuperior to competition, yet the moſt generous applauſe has ever been given to theſe two laſt actreſſes. I have not ſeen Mrs. Siddons perform this part (to Mr. King's Shylock), but there is little doubt of her excelling.

Thou almoſt mak'ſt me waver in my faith,
To hold opinion with Pythagoras,
That ſouls of animals infuſe themſelves
Into the trunks of men. Thy curriſh ſpirit
Govern'd a wolf, who, hang'd for human ſlaughter,
Ev'n from the gallows did his fell ſoul fleet:
And, whilſt thou lay'ſt in thy unhallow'd dam,
Infus'd itſelf in thee; for thy deſires
Are wolfiſh, bloody, ſtarv'd, and ravenous.

Shy. Till thou can'ſt rail the ſeal from off my bond,—
Thou but offend'ſt thy lungs to ſpeak ſo loud.

WHAT lines can poſſibly afford a finer ſubject for the pencil!—for Macklin, immediately and directly after *Gratiano* has ended his generous invective, gently draws the bond from out of his pocket, and with his knife pointed to its ſeal, and a moſt cool malignant ſullen ſneer on *Gratiano*, ſays:

Till thou canſt rail the ſeal from off my bond—
Thou but offend'ſt thy lungs to ſpeak ſo loud.

The other characters had better be omitted; and the only two figures, therefore, will be, *Gratiano* and *Shylock*, at full length. The countenance of the former ſhould be ſtrongly marked with an animated and generous indignation; his figure ſhould be ſpirited and graceful; and his dreſs may be partly taken from M. De Loutherbourg's Vignette to Bell. To feel the force of this ſcene, we ſhould ſee the attitude and look of Macklin.

Page 221.

THIS play will ever continue, "one of the darling repreſentations of the theatre"; and the nervous and benevolent recommendation of mercy in this page (the favourite ſubject of Shakeſpeare), has been conſider-

It would be unpardonable to paſs over the above lines without giving a portrait of *Shylock* as ſpeaking them. The other characters need not be introduced; and this portrait ſhould be marked with that determined firmneſs, that *bloody deſignation of cruelty* and *ſullen ſolemnity*, with which Macklin always ſpeaks them. *

Page 217.

Mr. Mortimer has given us a head of *Shylock*. It is drawn from the lines in this page, of: *If every ducat in ſix thouſand ducats, &c.*—and though I cannot think the uſual excellence of *the rapid Mortimer*, is viſible in this portrait; yet for fear of giving an erroneous opinion, and from a reſpect to the name of the artiſt, I wiſh to propoſe a fac-ſimile of the portrait, to accompany this page.

Page 220.

Gra. O, be thou damn'd, inexorable dog!
And for thy life let juſtice be accus'd.

 Thou

* In the Senate ſcene (ſays Mr. Ireland, in his life of Henderſon, and ſpeaking of Macklin) the judicious conception of this patriarch of the theatre, ſecures him from every competitor. And the ſame gentleman tells us, that previous to Mr. Macklin's performance of *Shylock*, it was looked upon as a part of little importance and played with the buffoonry of a Jew pedlar; and that to the underſtanding of that venerable performer, we are obliged for the firſt true repreſentation of the character.

Mr. Rowe in his Life of Shakeſpeare, ſpeaks thus of *Shylock*:—"To theſe I might add, that incomparable character of *Shylock* the Jew, in the Merchant of Venice; but though we have ſeen that play received and acted as a comedy, and the part of the jew performed by an excellent comedian, yet, I cannot but think it was deſigned tragically by the author. There appears in it ſuch a deadly ſpirit of revenge, ſuch a ſavage fierceneſs and fellneſs, and ſuch a bloody deſignation of cruelty and miſchief, as cannot agree either with the ſtyle or characters of comedy."

ed one of the happieſt efforts of immortal genius. No actreſs can have ever delivered that ſpeechwith more emphatic elocution, than Mrs. Yates. The dignity of her air, her unrivalled powers of declamation, and that glow of colouring which ſo wonderfully animated her expreſſion of this part, will never be eraſed from the memory of her delighted audience.

If the exact appearance which Mrs. Yates made when ſhe performed this part, could be now obtained, I would propoſe, (as the nobleſt and moſt grateful ornament to Shakeſpeare's page) an engraved portrait of her, as ſpeaking the lines on mercy, for art could ſcarce produce a figure of more expreſſive grace.

If no artiſt can retain the exact appearance this lady made; I would then propoſe, a fancy head of *Portia* might be drawn, as ſpeaking them. It will be ſcarce poſſible perhaps for the pencil to attain the magic of Shakeſpeare's muſe.*

Page 223.

In this page, there are two ſituations ſo well calculated for the pencil, that I will ſubmit them both to my readers. The one is:

Ant. Moſt heartily I do beſeech the court,
To give the judgment.

Por.

* Guercino painted a Magdalen, (now near Naples) and the account that is given of it, is what ſhould be ſaid of ſome portrait to acompany the lines on mercy—"To celeſtial beauty, her countenance adds expreſſion as affecting as it is ſublime; and repreſents with perfect truth all the reflections to which ſuch meditations might be ſuppoſed to give birth."

And ſee the very intereſting figure of the principal woman, in Weſt's Raiſing of Lazarus.

Por. Why then, thus it is:
You muſt prepare your boſom for his knife.

Shy. O noble judge! O excellent young man!

The other is:

Por. Therefore lay bare your boſom.

Shy. Ay, his breaſt;
So ſays the bond;—*Doth it not noble Judge?*
Neareſt his heart, theſe are the very words.

If we prefer this laſt ſelected paſſage, it may be proper then only to give a figure of *Shylock* alone; leaving out all the other characters; for *Portia* will not appear I think quite to ſo much advantage if drawn as ſaying:

Therefore lay bare your boſom,

as ſhe would in repeating the firſt lines. I will therefore recommend the figure of *Shylock*, in the print to Taylor's work.* It is ſo well deſigned that I think it will be proper to engrave this ſingle figure by itſelf, to

* When I have recommended this, as well as many other of the foregoing prints, it has been, *becauſe they were the beſt that have yet been publiſhed.* Had I ſeen (at the time moſt of the above pages were written) any proſpect of an edition coming out, like that of Meſſrs. Boydells, and the names of ſuch artiſts as are now anonunced, it would have made me reject ſome of thoſe which I have now endeavoured to perſuade the reader to look at—ſtill however let thoſe hold their places of merit, 'till replaced by future deſigns of ſuperior execution:

Si quid noviſti rectius iſtis,
Candidus imperti; ſi non, his utere mecum.

What have we not to expect, if a late paragraph in the St. James's Chronicle ſhould prove true:—"We liſten alſo with pleaſure to a report that Sir Joſhua means very ſoon to give up Portrait Painting, and apply himſelf wholly to the decoration of our great dramatic Author." The variety of deſigns then that Sir Joſhua may yet live to complete, will have the ſame effect as what Dr. Johnſon attributes to the writings of Shakeſpeare:—*filling the eye with awful pomp, and gratifying the mind with endleſs diverſity.*"

Page 225.

Among the few good prints which have yet appeared of *Shylock*, there is one, which (in my poor opinion) poſſeſſes eminent merit. The copy of this print in my poſſeſſion, has neither the name of painter, engraver or publiſher; nor any date or letters whatever. The impreſſion ſeems to be a very fine one. It is of an 8vo. ſize, and is evidently drawn from the ſpirited line of

——— a ſentence! come, prepare.

There is a kind of border or frame round it, and at the top is a very grim head of Shakeſpeare, ſurrounded with laurel. I cannot recollect from whence I came into poſſeſſion of it—it may have come from ſome Magazine, but wherever it came from, or whoever was the deſigner of it, it muſt be conſidered as a happy ornament to this page. I think few painters could have more happily expreſſed the fire and triumphant joy of the ſavage *Shylock*. He ſeems as if he had whetted his knife on the floor, and, having juſt brandiſhed it, is now caſting his looks at the bankrupt *Antonio*. This print need only to be enlarged to a proper ſize, and it will merit the beſt engraving; and may accompany this page, without the addition of the other characters. *

The print in Bell's firſt edition is taken from the above words; and as there is certainly much merit in this print, I purpoſe recommending it for the Tail-piece.

IN

* This page offers another line where *Shylock* might be drawn in ſtrong characters—for when he ſays: *Is that the Law?* he darts a look on *Portia*, which none but Macklin can exhibit.

to accompany theſe laſt lines—but yet, notwithſtanding its merit, it certainly does not reach that idea of the Jew which we form, when he is repeating the above ſentence—his countenance ſhould expreſs ſomewhat of exulting joy, as well as ſavage fellneſs. A figure of *Shylock* from the above lines by the pencil of Loutherbourg, would give us the very Jew that Shakeſpeare drew—for he would expreſs the animated rapidity of Macklin, and point the countenance glowing with rapturous adoration to *Portia*, and yet at the ſame time mixed with malevolence and *terrifying ferocity*. The expreſſion of *neareſt his heart*—is perhaps one of the firſt ſituations in the play to draw *Shylock* from.

If we reject the giving a ſingle figure of *Shylock* to this paſſage; or if we wiſh to retain that which is in Taylor's work, (in caſe no better is produced) we may even then decorate this ſame page with an engraving from the above firſt ſelected lines; for no lines can offer a fitter opportunity to draw the whole characters from, who compoſe the trial ſcene.

We ſhall now for the firſt time view *Portia*, as *dreſſed like a doctor of laws*: and the gracefulneſs of her attitude will be finely diſplayed, when pronouncing the *Merchant's* ſentence. It will admit of all the grace of expreſſion. Her ſentence is uttered with a look of mild firmneſs, and not with one of ſullen or moroſe harſhneſs. And the Jew's ſpirited lines of

O noble judge! O excellent young man!

is almoſt equal to his rapturous exclamation of

A Daniel come to judgment! yes, a Daniel!—

and will therefore require his appearing to every poſſible advantage. When *Portia* pronounces her ſentence on the *Merchant*, the paſſions in his countenance, as well as on thoſe of his dear friend, and of *Gratiano*, will form a very intereſting ſcene. It is one of thoſe ſituations, which *fixes expectation*.

In this concluding part of the trial ſcene, are many anxious ſituations, where both *Shylock* and *Portia*, the *Merchant* and *Baſſanio*, as well as the other characters, might be well repreſented. I will point out that paſſage, which ſtrikes me as the moſt proper to draw them from.*

Shy. Is that the Law?

Port. Thyſelf ſhalt ſee the act:
For, as thou urgeſt juſtice, be aſſur'd
Thou ſhalt have juſtice, more than thou deſir'ſt.

Shylock (with his knife and ſcales in his hand) may be receding from the attitude in which he pronounced his late triumphant joy; and with his ſavage eyes ſternly rivetted on *Portia*, may be addreſſing to her the above queſtion—and this animated defender of the injured *Merchant* will appear to every advantage, as on the point of ſpiritedly enforcing his lines. The other characters may be drawn in intereſting ſituations, particularly the delivered *Antonio*, and his kind friend—as well as the generous *Gratiano*. Joy will be painted in each countenance, except in thoſe of the two friends, whoſe minds are now agitated with ſofter paſſions, and whoſe countenances ſhould exhibit that pathetic expreſſion which friendſhip claims.

Page 236. Act 5. Sc. 1.

We ſhall be intereſted in paying ſome tributary eſteem to the writer of this ſweet ſcene, from the attachment he ſo frequently diſcovers for that ſcience: to the effects of which—even

——— fell Charybdis murmur'd ſoft applauſe. †

but

* Instead of having quoted many of the foregoing paſſages, I ſhould have obſerved the advice of Dr. Johnſon, who ſays that "The reader is ſeldom pleaſed to find his opinion anticipated—it is natural to delight more in what we find or make, than in what we receive.—Judgment, like other faculties, is improved by practice, and its advancement is hindered by ſubmiſſion to dictatorial deciſions."

† Though a very reſpectable Commentator does not.

but more ſo, from a divine religious ſtrain which illumines this page—and which ſo frequently ennobles the poetry of Shakeſpeare:

> There's not the ſmalleſt orb, which thou behold'ſt,
> But in his motion like an angel ſings,
> Still quiring to the young eye'd cherubims;
> Such harmony is in immortal ſouls,
> But, whilſt this muddy veſture of decay
> Doth groſly cloſe it in, we cannot hear it.

The many paſſages of this fine nature, ſo frequently met with in the writings of Shakeſpeare, tend forcibly to ſtrengthen the traditionary reports of the ſweetneſs, benevolence, and goodneſs of his heart. It is ſcarce poſſible for an irreligious mind to have written that paſſage with which the Fryar ſooths the parents of Juliet, on her ſuppoſed death—and Ben Johnſon tells us: "that he was indeed HONEST, and of an open and free nature; had an excellent phantſie, brave notions, and gentle expreſſions."—If the countenance is the mirror of the ſoul—the traits of the moſt pleaſing qualities are ſtrongly expreſſed in the metzotinto, by Simon, from after Zouſt. *

We could have wiſhed the figures in this ſcene, had been drawn by Mr. Cypriani; and that the landſcape might come from the pencil of Mr. Gainſborough. They might be drawn as liſtening to the muſic which firſt plays,—which I think would be better than at the ſub-

 ſequent

* The child of Fancy, by the *Virtues* crown'd,

UNIVERSAL MAGAZINE, July, 1784.

AND a Poem in vol. 2. of Pearch's Collection, ſpeaks thus of him:

> Where were ye Graces, where ye tuneful Nine,
> When Shakeſpeare's active ſpirit ſoar'd away?
> *Where were ye Virtues when the ſpark divine,*
> *Forſook it's trembling tenement of clay?*

ſequent paſſage of, *mark the muſic*—as the ſentiments *Lorenzo* utters before the ſounds of the firſt muſic, will permit his being drawn with an action more elevated. Something of that very fine attitude and expreſſion ſhould be given to *Lorenzo*, which we meet with in the figure of the prince, in Pine's beautiful print of *Miranda*. This print is worth referring to. The ſcene will repreſent *a grove or green place*, with a view of part of the houſe of Belmont, " boſom'd high in tufted trees," with the rich foliage and other wildneſſes of luxuriant nature, and the moon *ſleeping* (not ſhining) upon the bank. Can painting expreſs this happy word of the Poet?

To feel this ſcene properly, an Engliſhman ſhould tranſport himſelf into the warmer climate of Italy; which he may do in imagination by a peruſal of Martin Sherlock's Letters from an Engliſh traveller. *

Page

Naples, Feb. 3, 1779.

*LETTER XIV. v. 1.

It is not ſurpriſing that Virgil ſhould make ſuch fine verſes at Naples: the air there is ſo ſoft and ſo pure, the ſun ſo brilliant and ſo warm, and the face of nature ſo rich and diverſified, that the imagination feels a vivacity and vigour which it ſcarce ever perceives in other countries.

LETTER IX. v. 2.

A great enjoyment for a man who loves letters, is to have in his walks, his Horace in one pocket, and his Virgil in the other, and to look at a thouſand objects which have been painted by theſe Maſters. - - - - A great writer never throws out a word at random; all his expreſſions are precious, and there are a thouſand paſſages in Virgil and Horace which can ſcarcely be underſtood, but which it is impoſſible to feel without having ſeen Italy. *Præceps Anio*—to feel *præceps*, you muſt go to Tivoli. I could quote numberleſs examples, but I ſhall only mention one or two:

Nullus in orbe locus Baiis prælucet amœnis.

It is impoſſible to feel *prælucet* but at Baiæ.

Page 226.

Por. ——————— nay, if the ſcale turn
But in the eſtimation of a hair,
Thou dieſt, and all thy goods are confiſcate.

Gra. A ſecond Daniel, a Daniel, Jew!
Now, infidel, I have thee on the hip.

Por. Why doth the Jew pauſe?—

The firſt lines in the above ſelection, will be a fine ſituation to paint the animation of *Portia*—and they will admit of the paſſions of *Shylock* being advantageouſly introduced—as well as the ſpirited retaliation of *Gratiano*. The other characters who compoſe the court, will be in the ſame ſituations as at the laſt ſelected lines.

If ſhe is drawn in ſaying:—*Why doth the Jew pauſe?*—(which will be a truly fine ſituation to draw him from) his countenance ſhould then, I think, be rather altered.

In this ſame page another ſituation is offered:—

Shy. Shall I not barely have my principal?

Por. Thou ſhalt have nothing but the forfeiture,
To be ſo taken at thy peril, Jew.

Shy. Why then the devil give him good of it!
I'll ſtay no longer queſtion.

I ſelect theſe lines for the purpoſe of introducing *Shylock*; who may either be drawn as ſpeaking the firſt of them; or the laſt line but one.

Each ſituation will be ſpirited. All the other characters will appear as at the former lines. I will not preſume to ſay from which of theſe ſelected paſſages an artiſt might chooſe the beſt point to draw the whole of the characters who compoſe the trial ſcene from—as that muſt be left to the fancy and judgment of each artiſt, aided by his *familiarity with the ſtage and dramatic effect*.

Tail-Piece.

THE print of *Shylock* which is in Bell's firſt edition, poſſeſſes a good deal of merit; and I cannot but recommend it for the Tail-piece; and though it is drawn from the ſame lines that the print which I have recommended for p. 225 is taken from—yet it cannot be diſpleaſing to preſerve two deſigns of *Shylock*, which are ſo well executed. An ornament might be thrown round this print, ſomewhat ſimilar to that very happy one which graces M. de Loutherbourg's Vignette ſcene-print. It certainly muſt not be the ſame, but yet it may be alluſive to the play. A ſmall, but by no means an imperfect hint towards it, may be ſeen in the cut to Lowndes's edition to this play.*

*A liſt of ſuch Prints as have been publiſhed from this play. I have ſeen all the Prints, except that in Pope's edition.

1. Bell's two editions.
2. Hanmer.
3. Theobald.
4. Rowe.
5. Lowndes.
6. A cut in an edition in 8 vol. 8vo. printed for Tonſon, 1735.
7. Mortimer's head of Shylock, from his etchings of characters from Shakeſpeare.
8. Taylor's publication.

9. **Night, a Landſcape, engraved by C. Taylor, from after Smirke. It is taken from the lines of:** *How ſweet the moonlight,* &c.—
10. **A print of Shylock, mentioned for page 225.**
11. **Mr. Macklin in Shylock, from after Kitchinman, an oval, 1784.**
12. **Mr. Macklin in Shylock, from Smith's 24 Characters of the ſtage, in 12mo.**
13. **Mr. Clark, in the character of Anthonio, from the ſame.**
14. **Mr. Macklin in Shylock, from the Weſtminſter Mag. for October 1775. This is copied from a print by Lodge, of the ſame ſize.**
15. *Pope.*

LOVE's LABOUR LOST.

In the wild extravagant notes of Shakeſpeare, you every now and then encounter ſtrains that recognize the divine compoſer.

In his moſt negligent hours he could never ſo totally diveſt himſelf of his genius, but that it would frequently break out with aſtoniſhing force and ſplendour.

THEOBALD.

Vignette.

Head-piece.

THIS play will not afford many ſubjects for engravings. The maſterly hand of Shakeſpeare appears not in many places of this chequered performance; and it is the opinion of his beſt commentators that it was not altogether the entire production of his pen There are however ſome ſcenes, and ſome paſſages, that grace him *in the diſgrace of death*—and have bought him *that honour* which makes him an *heir of all eternity*.

I would propoſe as the Head-piece, an half-length figure of *Coſtard* in p. 388, when ſaying:—*Not a word of Coſtard yet*—and it may either be a copy of Tom Weſton's performance (if it can but *faintly glimmer through the memory, or imperfect atteſtation of a few ſurviving ſpectators*)—or ſuch a figure as will be moſt deſcriptive of this *ſhallow vaſſal*. His features will be entirely different from what they are in p. 389, or 390; and he well deſerves to be drawn in more than one look. There are other pages where he might appear to much advantage, as at p. 499 * or 509. And I would recommend this figure of *Coſtard* to be incloſed in the very ſame frame as is given in that beautiful Vignette to Bell's laſt edition to this play, with an exact fac-ſimile of the inſignia at the top. The artiſt who deſigned this rich embelliſhment, may perhaps join in opinion that *Armado* may appear to equal advantage in page 472, and it is for this reaſon only that I have preſumed to hint a mutilation of this Vignette print, and not give it entire as a Head-piece.

* Edwin, with *O Lord Sir*:—would ſet the houſe in a roar.

Scene-Prints.

The firſt ſcene I would chooſe, is at page 389; The figures and dreſſes of *Longaville*, and *Dumain*, may be taken from a very pleaſing deſign by Gravelot, in Theobald's edition; or the dreſs in which *Biron* appears, in Bell's firſt edition, may perhaps be preferred: their characters will be ſeen in page 400. Theſe three lords may be ſignificantly looking at, and enjoying the ſituation of *Coſtard*. The *King's* figure in this deſign by Gravelot, is a very graceful one, and in that of Bell's firſt edition, he is ſingularly intereſting—though his ſoftened air of melancholy may more properly become him when he has ſeen her, *whoſe glory through his grief is ſhewn*. His dreſs is extremely elegant; and in this ſcene, he will be in the attitude of reading the letter, and juſt glancing his eye on *Coſtard*. The two remaining characters are *Anthony Dull*, and *Coſtard*. I know not what performer on the ſtage has exhibited *Anthony Dull*; or whether he has had the good luck to be repreſented by a comedian of merit; but a pencil of humour will ſtrike out a conſtable worthy of the author's creation. He would appear to the moſt advantage in ſaying the words which are given him in this page of:—*Me, an't pleaſe you*; *I am Anthony Dull*,—but he cannot be repreſented as immediately ſaying them—for in the propoſed print he will be a mere looker on. As for *Coſtard*, it were to be wiſhed that no one would attempt to draw him; who has not beheld that unparalled ſon of ſimplicity, Tom Weſton. The original ſtrokes of ſimple nature which he could throw out, cannot be conceived by thoſe who have not ſeen him. And to ſuch only who have ſeen him, ſhould be conſigned the execution of this part of the propoſed print. In Bell's firſt edition, he is drawn as ſaying—*I was taken with none Sir*;—probably ſome may think he would appear to equal advantage in ſaying—*With a wench*—or, *I had rather pray a month with mutton and porridge*;—but this can only be determined by his ſurviving admirers.

Page 407.*

A PLEASING print might be annexed to this page, of *Boyet* and *Maria*, (who is the beautiful empreſs of *Longaville's* love)—and the other ladies may be left out. *Maria* may be ſaying: *My lips are no common.* The character or appearance which *Boyet* ſhould make, may be ſeen in that admirable deſcription in page 490. A print in the ſtyle of Guercino's *Woman begging water*, in the drawings publiſhed by Rogers, would have a pleaſing effect.

Page 447.

THERE are two ſuch exquiſite lines in this page, and which breathe ſo much the language of nature, and of Shakeſpeare, that it were injuſtice to the poet to paſs them over without ſome deſign to accompany them:—

> Do but behold the tears that ſwell in me,
> And they, thy glory through my grief will ſhew.

Such lines from the pencil of a Cypriani, would produce a drawing of exquiſite delicacy. It might repreſent a half length of the *King* (in a fancy dreſs perhaps) with the influence of the paſſion they expreſs, imprinted on his features.

* THE ſprightly *Biron*, and his *Roſaline*, cannot well appear in page 403, as ſhe is maſked.

Page 472.

THIS page gives us a happy opportunity of repreſenting to much advantage, ſeveral of the characters. And we have one of theſe characters already drawn in a maſterly manner, by the pencil of M. de Loutherbourg;—for in the Vignette which I have before referred to, may be ſeen the true and lively portraiture of that *Armado hight*—and the only alterations it might be proper he ſhould undergo for this preſent page, would be, to have his arms perhaps a kimbo (as having juſt pronounced his boiſterous oath) and caſting a ſignificant glance at the poor enraptured *Coſtard*, who is giving his ſmall pittance (the beſt he has) to his *pigeon-egg of diſcretion*. And this little *ſnip ſnap* youth is ſo well drawn in the above Vignette, that he will admit of no improvement.—(I am ſure the poſition of his toes will not)—unleſs indeed a very little more ſharp archneſs were thrown into his face for this preſent page. *Coſtard* can no where be drawn to more advantage than in this ſcene; and the figures of *Holofernes*, *Nathaniel*, and *Dull*, cannot but enliven the group; and they deſerve to be drawn with truth and nature.

Tail-piece.

IT would form no unpleaſing print for this department, were we to repreſent the *King* in

—— ſome forlorn and naked hermitage,
Remote from all the pleaſures of the world.
Where he is to ſtay,
—— Until the twelve celeſtial ſigns
Have brought about their annual reckoning.

THAT ſoft air of tender melancholy, and the ſame beautiful dreſs ſhould be given him, in which he appears in Bell's firſt edition. And his attitude may be ſomewhat ſimilar to that penſive one of Sir Philip Sydney, (under a tree), by Vertue. The landſcape may be a romantic view of ſome ſequeſtered hermitage. In ſome of the impreſſions of this print in Bell's firſt edition, the air of the *King's* face is materially different. In the impreſſion before me, it is very intereſting.*

* A LIST of ſuch Prints as have been publiſhed from this play. Thoſe I have not ſeen, are printed in Italics.

1. Bell's two editions.
2. Hanmer.
3. Theobald.
4. Rowe.
5. A cut by Lud. du Guernier, in an edition, in 8 vol. 8vo. printed for Tonſon, 1735.
6. *Pope.*
7. *Lowndes.*
8. *Taylor's*

ALL's WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

WHAT age, what ſex, what character, ſtation, or office of life, eſcapes the touches of Shakeſpeare's plaſtic hand!

MRS. GRIFFITHS.

HE that has read Shakeſpeare with attention, will perhaps, find little new in the crowded world.

MRS. LENOX.

Vignette.

Head-piece.

The moſt proper ornament for this part, would be a beautiful coloured print of the head of *Helen*, as ſaying theſe words:

> ——— It were all one
> That I ſhould love a bright particular ſtar,
> And think to wed it, he is ſo above me. Page 9.

Her attitude may be ſomewhat ſimilar to that of the principal female figure in the firſt ſtudy by Corregio, in the 2d vol. of the collection of drawings by Rogers—but more ſerenely mild and leſs elevated. She will of courſe have the traits of that beauty *which aſtoniſhed the ſurvey of richeſt eyes*: and of thoſe intereſting qualities which won her the warm friendſhip of the good old *Counteſs of Rouſillon.* *

* Of all the characters of Shakeſpeare: none more reſembles his beſt female advocate, (Mrs. Montague) than the *Counteſs of Rouſillon.*

The following lines, which *Helen* ſpeaks in p. 10, of

> ——— virtue's ſteely bones
> Look bleak to the cold wind.

might well apply, or be written under, a very fine print from Gainſborough, called *a Shepherd* (had he leſs embon-point)—or they would equally well apply to a picture by Opie (one of his earlieſt performances) which was exhibited at Somerſet-houſe, in 1782. It is well remembered by the name of the *Boy and Dog.*

Scene-Prints.

The good old *King* (notwithſtanding his misfortune in being *ſiſtulatiſſimus*) will appear to much advantage if drawn (in the ſtyle of Mortimer's etchings of Heads from Shakeſpeare) to accompany p. 22. He may be drawn with that penſive dejection with which this *time honoured Lancaſter* utters the lines of:—*I, after him*, &c.—and his time of life may be gathered from his ſpeech to *Bertrand*, when he tells him, that haggiſh age has ſtolen on, and wore him out of act.

Page 35.

This page gives us an opportunity of repreſenting to great advantage the *Counteſs of Rouſillon*, in company with *Helen*. And on peruſal of a character of ſuch worth as the *Counteſs* is—of ſo much piety—fine ſenſe—of ſo noble an education—and of the tendereſt affection for *Helen*—there is no doubt but ſome artiſt will adorn this page with a venerably graceful portrait (in rich metzotinto) of her, who throughout every ſcene, irreſiſtibly commands a reverential eſteem. Shakeſpeare no doubt had great delight in drawing this character; and we may hope to ſee expreſſed in her countenance, that mild luſtre of calm thought which the mind alone gives, and that certain expreſſive air which can only proceed from virtuous paſſions.

SHE

She might be drawn at half length, with *Helen*, as repeating this paſſage:

Count. Wherefore? tell true.

Hel. I will tell truth; by grace itſelf I ſwear.—

The attitude of *Helen* may be ſomewhat like that which I have propoſed for the Head-piece: and there might be added to the animation with which ſhe ought to ſpeak this ſentence, "une douceur ſeduiſante." *

Page 66.

Of all the different ſituations in which *Parolles* appears, it is neceſſary to know which is the moſt comic one; as a bare peruſal of the play may not be ſufficient to aſcertain that with certainty—for it is well known that good comedians frequently introduce many exquiſite ſtrokes of character and humour, which were evidently deſigned by the author; but which may have eſcaped the eyes of literary critics. The admirers therefore of ſuch comedians as Woodward and King (who I believe have ſhone moſt in this character) will be the moſt proper to ſelect the ſcene beſt ſuited to our preſent purpoſe. It is impoſſible for the writer of theſe pages to ſe-

 lect

* She would appear to very great advantage, in ſaying:

——————— I follow him not
By any token of preſumptious ſuit;
Nor would I have him, 'till I do deſerve him. p. 34.

lect the beſt ſituation, as he has never ſeen this comedy on the ſtage.* He will therefore only mention thoſe pages which ſtrike him as giving the beſt views of *Parolles*. They are page 40, 66, 90, 91, 97, 98, 118, 119. Page 131 is omitted to be here ſtated, as that page will certainly be accompanied with him and the *Clown*.

PERHAPS

* WHEN this play was revived in 1741, Milward, who acted the *King*, is ſaid to have caught a diſtemper which proved fatal to him, by wearing in this part, a too light and airy ſuit of clothes, which he put on after his ſuppoſed recovery. He felt himſelf ſeized with a ſhivering; and was aſked by one of the players, how he found himſelf? "How is it poſſible, he ſaid with ſome pleaſantry, "to be ſick, when I have ſuch a phyſician as Mrs. Woffington." This elegant and beautiful actreſs was the *Helen* of the play. His diſtemper however increaſed, and ſoon after hurried him to his grave. On its revival in 1757, under the direction of Mr. Garrick, the part of the *Counteſs* was given to Mrs. Pritchard, *Helen* to Miſs Macklin, and *Parolles* to Woodward.

Yet am I thankful. If my heart were great,
T'would burſt at this. Captain I'll be no more.

THIS ſcene always afforded much pleaſure to the audience. Upon its laſt revival, it was acted with ſuch theatrical ſkill as excited general merriment. The unbinding *Parolles*, who looked about him with anxious ſurprize and terror, redoubled the burſts of laughter which echoed round the theatre.

DAVIES's DRAMATIC MISCELLANIES.

WHEN this Play was got up at the Haymarket, in 1785, a new Prologue was written on the occaſion by Mr. Pillon—and the following are the concluding lines:

——————— a mightier charge we boaſt—
'Tis Shakeſpeare ſteers to night upon our coaſt;
To cut him down from firſt rate ſize we've dar'd
Finding ſome planks and beams by time impair'd;
The heart of oak of genius is the ſame;
You ſend the gale that blows him on to fame.
One glowing, bold, energic, golden line,
Drawn with the fire of Shakeſpeare's pen divine,
Genius and Taſte can never prize too high,
For whilſt he lives, thoſe twins can never die.

PERHAPS he would appear to as much advantage in the following pages, as any where elſe—namely, at page 40, at the words :—

—— it was this very ſword entrench'd it.

At page 90, at the words—But a drum! or,
At page 91, when he ſays—I would have that drum—or another, or *hic jacet.*

ON the *ſtage*, it certainly would have a fine effect (in the moment of *Lafeu's* re-entry) to behold *Parolles*, as in page 66; but this effect would be much leſſened in a print. And the ſame objection would be againſt introducing him in page 98, when he is told of ſeventeen poinards being at his boſom—merely on account of his being blind-folded. The dreſs and figure of this *jackanapes with ſcarfs*, may be partly gathered from what *Lafeu* ſays of him :—" I did think thee, for two ordinaries, to be a pretty wiſe fellow; thou didſt make tolerable vent of thy travel; it might paſs: yet the ſcarfs, and the bannerets about thee, did manifoldly diſſuade me from believing thee a veſſel of two great a burthen." And yet in page 132, we are ſo intereſted in the dejection of poor *Tom Drum*,

(My Lord, I am a man whom fortune
hath cruelly ſcratch'd :—)

and ſo ſtrucken with the relenting and generous *Lafeu (Cox' my paſſion! give me your hand :—how does your drum?)* who is not willing that he ſhould at laſt be *ſuffered to ſtarve*: that we can ſcarce—and ought not indeed to leave this laſt page without repreſenting them. Some may think the dejection of *Parolles* will appear equally to advantage in the preceding page, in company with the *Clown*; where he may be ſaying :—*Nay, you need not to ſtop your noſe, Sir, I ſpake but by a metaphor*—with a look rather turned up,

and

and by no means directed to the *Clown.** His dress may be partly gathered likewise from the Vignette to Bell's last edition; in which print the musket and drum are characteristic ornaments.

In the print to Hanmer's edition, is introduced *Lafeu*; whose figure (though possessing much grace, and worth looking at) is by no means characteristic.

Page 78.

I cannot forbear recommending another scene of the *Countess* and her beloved ward. They may be finely drawn in this page, at the words of:

> But I do wish his name out of my blood,
> *And thou art all my child.*

And she may be tenderly grasping the hand of, and soothing the dejected and weeping *Helen*; who may hold the letter in her hand, which she has just read. †

* That *Lafeu* is made so relenting we must attribute to our author's great knowledge of man, and *his large nature* as Ben Johnson expresses it. He knew that those who are most prone to vehement anger are the soonest pacified. Hot spirits make quicker haste to repair the mischiefs of their escapes from reason, than those who are more temperate and sedate.

Davies's Dramatic Miscellanies.

† Notwithstanding the virulent invectives which the authoress of "Shakespeare illustrated" has thrown out against *Helen*, (as well as against Shakespeare in this play) I believe all readers are interested in her character—and indeed the Countess is only attached to her, from her being

> ——————— a maid too virtuous
> For the contempt of empire.

The

Page 88.

We ſhall now ſee the pretty *Helen* in that dreſs, in which ſhe has *barefoot plodded the cold ground*, in her pilgrimage to St. Jacques—led thither *by pure love*. The old *Widow*, and her beauteous daughter, will of courſe he introduced; to whom this *holy pilgrim* may be addreſſing her invitation:——

> Pleaſe it this matron, and this gentle maid,
> To eat with us to-night; the charge and thanking,
> Shall be for me.

The pilgrim's dreſs in Gravelot's print to Theobald's edition, is wanting in that grace which we often meet with in his deſign's. ‡ The moſt

The late Thomas Davies ſpeaks more candidly of her:

Helen's love is as honeſt as her parentage. It appears throughout the whole play, that the paſſion of this ſweet girl is of the nobleſt kind: "Nature, ſays Shakeſpeare in Hamlet, is fine in love;" that is, it purifies and refines our paſſions. Before marriage *Helen* diminiſhes the blemiſhes of *Parolles*, becauſe he is the conſtant companion of *Bertram*, and after marriage, though ſhe might reaſonably exclaim againſt the ſeducer of her huſband, with the utmoſt delicacy ſhe reſtrains herſelf from the leaſt reproach: nay, converts a queſtion, implying cenſure, to a mark of honour.

Dram. Miscellanies.

‡ It is ſcarce pardonable to paſs over the ſpirited lines with which the widow's daughter encounters *Bertram*, in p. 88, without wiſhing they may give riſe to ſome animated (half-length) portraits of them, from the words:

> Mine honour's ſuch a ring:
> My chaſtity's the jewel of our houſe.—

moſt pleaſing ſtile of engraving, for this propoſed print of *Helen*, would be that, in which *Celia* appears: a beautiful coloured print from after Kauffman, and engraved by Bartolozzi. The dreſs may be likewiſe partly gathered from the print of *Helen* in Bell's laſt edition. And ſee a lately publiſhed print of a Nun. I do not immediately recollect its title; but I think it is deſigned from a poem of Mr. Jerningham's.

Tail-Piece.

A MOST intereſting portrait of *Helen*, may be taken from page 79, as fondly ſupplicating her abſent huſband:—

——————— Poor lord! is't I
That chaſe thee from thy country, and expoſe
Thoſe tender limbs of thine to the event
Of the none-ſparing war? and is it I
That drive thee from the ſportive court, where thou
Waſt ſhot at with fair eyes, to be the mark
Of ſmoky muſkets? O you leaden meſſengers,
That ride upon the violent ſpeed of fire,
Fly with falſe aim.——

SHE may be drawn in half-length, in the ſtyle which is recommended for page 88—and a peruſal of the whole of her tender addreſs in this preſent

The dreſs of *Bertram*, might be partly taken from Bell's firſt edition; and partly from a very ſpirited figure in the print of Tarquin and Lucrece, engr. by Baſan, from after Luc. Jordans; and the features of *Bertram*, might poſſeſs ſomewhat more (perhaps) of that keen impatience which is ſo finely expreſſed in this print. It appears from what the *Clown* ſays in p. 128, that *Bertram* ſhould have one *of the delicate fine hats, and moſt courteous feathers.*

preſent page 79, will be the beſt guide, and the beſt incitement to an artiſt, for producing a ſpirited and graceful portrait of this ſweet dejected girl.*

* She would appear well in page 149: as ſaying—*'Tis but the ſhadow of a wife you ſee*—but it would be impoſſible to receive any ſatisfaction in introducing *Bertram* with her; for the reaſons given by Dr. Johnſon, in his concluding obſervations on this play. If ſhe were to appear in this page, ſhe might poſſeſs ſomething of that ſoftened melancholy which is ſeen in the figure of Miſs Macklin, in Bell's firſt edition—or there might be a group of half-lengths, of the *King*, *Counteſs*, and the other characters, looking affectionately on her.

The *King* himſelf might be well drawn from page 138, as ſaying:

This ring was mine.—

Or, as ſaying:

——— Had you that craft, to reave her
Of what ſhould ſtead her moſt?

A list of ſuch Prints as have been publiſhed from this play. Thoſe I have not ſeen, are printed in Italics.

1. Bell's two editions.
2. Hanmer.
3. Theobald.
4. Rowe.
5. A cut by Fourdrinier, in an edition, in 8 vol. 8vo. printed for Tonſon, 1735.
6. *Pope.*
7. *Lowndes.*
8. *Taylor's*

COMEDY OF ERRORS

COMEDY OF ERRORS.

No author had ever ſo copious, ſo bold, ſo creative an imagination, with ſo perfect a knowledge of the paſſions, the humours, and ſentiments of mankind. He painted all characters, from heroes and kings, down to Inn-keepers and Peaſants, with equal truth and with equal force. If human nature was quite deſtroyed, and no monument left of it, except his works, other beings might learn what man was, from thoſe writings.

LORD LYTTLETON.

Vignette.

THE admired Piece of Head-piece

COMEDY OF ERRORS

Head-piece.

THE admired ſpeech of *Aegeon* in the firſt ſcene, will furniſh a very proper Head-piece. It may repreſent the veſſel in a tempeſtuous ſea, at the moment of the *obſcured light*, conveying to their fearful minds a doubtful warrant of immediate death. The inceſſant weepings of the wife, and the plainings of the pretty babes will be the chief paſſions to attend to, with the intereſting ſituation of the huſband *Aegeon*. The failors may be eſcaping out of the veſſel into their boat. The little children may be diſpoſed of in affecting attitudes, notwithſtanding they are ſo very young. I was going to obſerve, that they might have been painted in the entreating ſituation of throwing their little arms out to implore a paſſage in the boat—but I recollect the poet ſays, they *mourned for faſhion, ignorant what to fear.*

Scene-Prints.

THERE are ſeveral ſituations, where *Dromio of Epheſus* might be drawn to advantage; but I think he will appear beſt in p. 172, at the words:

Oh,—ſixpence, that I had o'Wedneſday laſt,—

In p. 173. If I ſhould pay your Worſhip thoſe again:—

In p. 224. Why ſir, I gave the money for the rope.

Or in p. 225. I would I were ſenſeleſs, ſir, that I might not feel your blows.

AND his brother of *Syracuſe* appears equally to advantage in p. 184, at the words:

I muſt get a ſconce for my head.

Or in p. 205, where he gives the admirable deſcription of the kitchen wench.

IT may be difficult then, to ſelect the beſt and moſt comic ſituation for a whole length figure of one of the *Dromios*. Were I to fix on one, it ſhould be at p. 172—and his look ſhould be ſomewhat ſimilar to the very droll one of Tom Weſton's, in a ſmall print of him in Dr. Laſt, in Smith's ſet of dramatic characters.

BELL's firſt edition, has a print of Dunſtall in *Dromio*, with the rope, which is certainly a very good ſituation to draw him in; but I think his features are not arch enough; nor is the dreſs an unexceptionable one. Was he to be drawn as directly ſaying: *Why ſir, I gave the money for the rope*, and with that look which Edwin would put on, as correſponding to that ſaucy impertinent ſterneſs of voice, with which (in characters like the preſent) he ſo often pleaſes—it would (under theſe advantages) be ſelected as ſuperior perhaps to any of the other ſituations.*

A painter will prefer ſuch of them, as ſtrikes him with moſt humour on the peruſal; and if he has ſeen ſome favourite comedian in this character, he will acquire new lights. Tarlton, who lived in Shakeſpeare's days,

* THOSE will comprehend my meaning, who have heard Edwin ſpeak the following words to the Uncle, in the Maid of the Oaks—"Why did you not tell me you were a gentleman?—for I'm ſure, I never ſhould have taken you for one."

days, very probably ſhone in this part—for Sir R. Baker tells us—" and to make their comedies complete, Richard Tarlton, for the clown's part, never had his match, nor never will have." The names of Dunſtall, Shuter, Woodward, Weſton, Yates, King, Dodd, Parſons, Quick, and Edwin, immediately ſtrike one as the moſt proper comedians for the character of *Dromio*. From what I have heard of Mr. Yates, perhaps he may have been the foremoſt. For the dreſs of Shakeſpeare's clowns, ſee Mr. Tollett's conjecture in p. 434, of vol. 5, by Johnſon and Steevens.

THIS comedy was altered for the ſtage by Mr. Hull, in 1779, and acted at Covent Garden; and it was again revived in 1785. I have been told that Mr. Hull's *Aegeon* was reſpectable and intereſting—and that the paſſages which procured him a very loud applauſe from an attentive audience, were, his firſt ſpeech to the Duke—and:

——————— perhaps my ſon,
Thou ſham'ſt to acknowledge me in miſery.

Page 187.

The perſon next preſented will be *Adriana*. Throughout every ſcene ſhe is pleaſing and intereſting; and ſhe appears in a light ſo amiable in page 179, and page 187—that it will not be eaſy to determine which to fix on. But as this laſt page will give an opportunity of repreſenting *Antipholis of Syracuſe* (her ſeeming unkind mate) in the ſame plate, I would propoſe drawing them at half-length, in the ſame ſtyle of coloured etching as the *woman begging water*, in the 2d vol. of the collection of drawings by Rogers.

SHE

SHE may be ſaying (with that ſorrowing look of kind embracement ſo becoming her character)*

Ah, do not tear away thyſelf from me;
For know, my love, as eaſy may'ſt thou fall
A drop of water in the breaking gulph,
And take unmingled thence that drop again,
Without addition, or diminiſhing,
As take from me thyſelf, and not me too.

or, ſhe may be ſpeaking the lines which immediately follow the above, with the alluring ſoftneſs of her modeſt looks, ſomewhat heightened with that firm conſciouſneſs of virtuous dignity, with which that true and ardent admirer of our poet, Mrs. Yates, ſo nobly graces her Shakeſpeare's page.—

How dearly would it touch thee to the quick,
Should'ſt thou but hear, I were licentious?
And that this body, conſecrate to thee,
By ruffian luſt ſhould be contaminate?
Wouldſt thou not ſpit at me, and ſpurn at me,
And hurl the name of huſband in my face,
And tear the ſtain'd ſkin off my harlot-brow,
And from my falſe hand cut the wedding-ring,
And break it with a deep-divorcing vow?

It might add to the effect of this ſcene were ſhe to claſp him by the hand, in the above expoſtulation. Her attitude would gain a firm and

* *Adriana* does not ſeem one of thoſe who are only taught "to murder a tune on the harpſicord, or guittar, to dance a cotillion, and to chatter a little barbarous French—Nor do Milton's lines apply to her:

——————— completed to the taſte
Of luſtful appetite, to ſing, to dance,
To dreſs, to troule the tongue, and roll the eye.

and graceful dignity by it. *Antipholis* muſt of courſe *look ſtrange and frown.** A beautiful dreſs for *Adriana* may be partly taken from Bell's laſt edition of this play, where her figure would pleaſe more, were it leſs affected.

Page 243.

For this page may be drawn a portrait of the old father *Aegeon*, in the ſtyle of Mortimer's heads from Shakeſpeare; and as he is now going to execution—*to the melancholy vale*—it may not be improper to have his hands bound. The peruſal of an affecting ſpeech, will be the beſt guide to the painter.

Or, inſtead of this ſingle portrait, there might be drawn the affecting interview between *Aegeon* and his ſon.—

Ægeon. Not know my voice! Oh, time's extremity!
Haſt thou ſo crack'd and ſplitted my poor tongue,
In ſeven ſhort years, that here my only ſon
Knows not my feeble key of untun'd cares?

* I CANNOT omit obſerving, how ſweet a portrait might be taken from her ſaying, in page 179.

Hath homely age the alluring beauty took
From my poor cheek? then, he hath waſted it.

Or, from the following lines in the ſame ſpeech:

——————— my decayed fairneſs
A ſunny look of his would ſoon repair.

Her whole ſpeech muſt be read. Her portrait ſhould be marked with that melancholy ſorrow ſo tenderly intereſting.

Though now this grained face of mine be hid
In ſap-conſuming winter's drizzled ſnow,
And all the conduits of my blood froze up;
Yet hath my night of life ſome memory,
My waſting lamps ſome fading glimmer left,
My dull deaf ears a little uſe to hear:
All theſe old witneſſes (I cannot err)
Tell me thou art my ſon Antipholis.

E. Ant. I never ſaw my father in my life.

Ægeon. But ſeven years ſince, in Syracuſa, boy,
Thou knoweſt, we parted: but perhaps, my ſon,
Thou ſham'ſt to acknowledge me in miſery. *

What high pleaſure ſhould we receive in ſeeing this page ornamented by that artiſt whoſe genius ſo highly complimented the late Dr. Goldſmith in producing *Reſignation*—from which is taken a print, of ſcarcity, and of uncommon merit.

Tail-Piece.

We have now the choice of two ſubjects for the concluſion of this play. Either a half-length figure of the *ſaffron-fac'd pinch*—or, a view of the *dankiſh vault*, in which *Antipholis* and *Dromio* are confined.

If we are to have the figure of *Pinch*, it will be no intruſion on the rights of Romeo's *Apothecary*—for though their figures may be ſome-

what

* Was it not for introducing this ſame *Antipholis*, ſo very ſoon again, we might draw him to great advantage in page 203, when he ſays:

Oh, train me not, ſweet mermaid, with thy note.

what ſimilar (ſharp miſery having worn them both to the bone)—yet, we ſhall find ourſelves more intereſted with the poor *Apothecary*, and ſhall therefore wiſh his figure may not be omitted in Meſſrs. Boydells edition. It is not probable that any edition upon ſo grand a ſcale, and ſimilar to Meſſrs. Boydells, will ever again make its appearance. If this edition is to have one error then, it ſhould be that of having too many engravings, rather than too few. It was the extreme poverty, and not the will of the *Apothecary*, that conſented to mix the potent poiſon—and though the circumſtances of Mr. *Pinch* may not be in a very affluent and flouriſhing ſtate—yet we view him with eyes very different from the forlorn *Apothecary*. The latter we ſhould have given a dinner to—(to have gotten him into fleſh)—but I am afraid *Pinch* muſt have paid for his dinner at ſome alehouſe in *Epheſus*. A look of *dejected* poverty muſt be given to the *Apothecary*—but to the other, a *ſharp-looking* one of villainy. The deſcription of him in p. 240 will cauſe his appearance to be that, of a *living dead man*; and if the engraving is a coloured one, it might add an effect to his dreſs.

If the above ſhould be rejected (for I do not think it a very great acquiſition), we may then (unleſs the deſigns offered in p. 179, and p. 203 are preferred) fix on the appearance which *Antipholis* and *Dromio* exhibit in the vault. They are bound it ſeems together; and the maſter may be very buſily gnawing with his teeth—whilſt his man, whoſe humour never forſakes him, (as we may ſee in p. 229) may exhibit ſome droll characteriſtic look—and *Pinch* may be ſeen peeping through an iron grate to view his patients. There is a figure of *Pinch* in Hanmer's edition, but it is not worth while to refer to it.*

A LIST of ſuch Prints taken from this play, as I have *ſeen*. Thoſe I have not ſeen, are printed in Italics.

1. Bell's two editions.
2. Hanmer.
3. Theobald.
4. Rowe.
5. A cut in an edit. in 8 vol. 8vo. printed for Tonſon, in 1735.
6. *Pope.*
7. *Lowndes.*
8. *Taylor.*

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

Or felt great Shakeſpeare's pow'rs controul
Each various movement of the ſoul,
From pity's ſource compel the tear,
Or chill my throbbing breaſt with fear,
Tranſport me through the yielding air,
And place me how he would, and where.

KEATE

Vignette.

FOR this department might be engraved a fac-ſimile of the entire Vignette title page, prefixed to the tenth volume of Lowndes's Engliſh Theatre. This print contains the figure of the tragic muſe, attended by the child of anguiſh, and the child of grief; and underneath is pictured the burning of Troy.

Head-piece to the Prologue.

Now expectation, tickling ſkittiſh ſpirits,
On one and other ſide, *Trojan* and *Greek*,
Sets all on hazard:—

The above lines ought not to be paſſed over, without affixing an engraving correſpondent to them. The un-aſſuming lines immediately following them, will be an inducement to an artiſt to accompany the above, with every mark of grateful eſteem.

THE moſt proper deſign then might be—a half-length portrait of a gallant youth—one, whoſe ſpirit *lifts him from the earth.* He may be drawn as at the moment of his youthful breaſt, catching the flame of glorious war, and wiſhing to plunge into the approaching battle. He ſhould have ſomething of the wild young *Harry Piercy* in him—and that ſoftened glow of the *lumen purpureum juventæ*, which we ſee in the late Mr. Hone's *Spartan Boy*, ſhould be animated with the quick and proud fire of ardent youth. His dreſs may be either *Trojan* or *Grecian*—or perhaps a fancy dreſs, well choſen, with a waving feather in his cap, may be more pleaſing. His young hand may be graſping a ſword.

Head-piece.

THOUGH *Helen* is a character immortalized by Homer:* the charm of whoſe poeſy intercedes ſo much in her behalf, as to make us forget even her

* THE *philoſophy* of portrait painting, could ſcarce produce a more divine portrait, than what the lines in which *Homer's* Helen joins the lamentation over Hector, might give riſe to, in the breaſt of that Engliſh

her frailties and vices; yet ſhe appears only in one ſcene of this play, and that ſcene is not ſufficiently intereſting to be the ſubject of an engraving. Her *name* however cauſing a very intereſting ſcene in the ſecond act; and her *beauty* ſuffering little diminution from the pen of Shakeſpeare (particularly at p. 55 and 58) it would be unjuſt not to adorn one of his pages with the portrait of this frail fair. It may ſerve as the Head-piece; and theſe lines may be engraved under it:

——————— She is a pearl,
Whoſe price hath launched above a thouſand ſhips,
And turn'd crown'd kings to merchants.

A neceſſary queſtion then now ariſes—how are we to obtain an original picture of, or a real view of *Helen's* features? The Grecian artiſts drew her, and particularly Zeuxis*—tho' from his placing before him no leſs than five of the moſt beautiful naked girls in Greece, in order to compoſe his figure from a ſelection of ſuch parts from each of them as approached neareſt to perfection, we find his *Helen* (though of perfect beauty) was but an imaginary one.† As an original picture of this daughter of *Leda*, will certainly never be landed at the cuſtom-houſe—(nor undergo the fate which even Rafaelle and Guido are not exempt from—that of being meaſured like tanner's hides, and paying ſo much per yard for being permitted to land in this country) we muſt therefore reſort to thoſe imaginary ones, which the ingenuity of ſucceeding artiſts (ancient or modern) has given us. As I have not ſeen many paintings or prints of *Helen*, I will not

Engliſh artiſt, *whoſe taſte* (we are told) *and imagination are inexhauſtible.* The *ſoul* alone (ſays Winkelman) can imprint upon the body, the character and expreſſion of truth.

* With Zeuxis' Helen, thy Bridgewater vie,
And theſe be ſung, till Granville's Myra die.
Pope.

† Nicomachus paſſed an hour or two every day with the Helen of Zeuxis, and on hearing a perſon find fault with the compoſition of that famous picture, "Take my eyes," ſaid he, "and you will think her a goddeſs."

not preſume to ſelect one; but muſt refer it to thoſe more converſant in the books of antiquity, and who have ſeen a greater variety.* In a letter of Rafaelle, to his friend Caſtiglione, concerning a Galatea he had painted for him, he ſays—" to paint a beauty, I ought to ſee many beauties, on condition you were with me to chooſe the beſt; but there being at this time a ſcarcity both of good judges and fine women, I make uſe of a certain divine form or idea which preſents itſelf to my imagination." One part of this letter, (repreſenting the *ſcarcity*) will not hold good when applied to England—and unleſs the Engliſh artiſt wiſhes to follow the example of Zeuxis: he muſt (if he wiſhes to form a portrait of *Helen*), make uſe of a certain divine form or idea, which may preſent itſelf to his imagination. We have aſſurance however of one part of *Helen's* beauty—for Mr. Felibien ſays: " outre que la blancheur et la délicateſſe du cou leur eſt trés recommendable, it leur ſied bien quand il eſt un peu long. *Helene* l'avoit de la ſorte; et c'eſt pourquoi on a dit aſſez plaiſamment, que l'on voyoit bien qu'elle êtoit fille d'un Cigne."

Scene

* *Paintings.*—L'Enlevement d' *Helen* par Paris; par G. Hoet; being No. 80, in the catalogue of the grand ſale of Le Comte d'Elz's pictures, at Mayence, in the ſummer of 1785. The departure of *Helen* with Paris, by Guido, at Stourhead. Paris and *Helen*, by L'Araiſe, in the collection of the late Sir G. Page. The celebrated rape of *Helen*, by Guido, is one of the fine pictures in the magnificent gallery of l' hotel de Toulouſe, at Paris. The rape of *Helen*, by V. de Caſtro; being No. 80, in the catalogue of Mr. Timmernan's pictures, ſold by Greenwood, in 1785. The interview of *Helen* and Paris, after his combat with Menelaus, by Dance; exhibited at Somerſet-houſe in 1770. Zeuxis painting a picture for the Agrigentines, of a naked *Helen*, by Solemene; in the collection of the Duke of Devonſhire. From this picture Mr. Boydell publiſhed a print.

Prints.—The flight of Paris and *Helen*, by Kauffman. The carrying off *Helen*, h. ſh. by Marc Antonio, from after Raphael. The Rape of *Helen*, a ſmall plate, copied from this laſt print by Jac. Grandhomme. The carrying off *Helen*, a. ſh. etching by A. Schiavone, from after his own deſign.

Statues, Gems, &c.—In the 33d. chap. of Pauſanias, mention is made of a figure of *Helen*, by Phidias. Among Taſſie's Gems, are three of Paris and *Helen*. In the catalogue of Mr. Wedgwood's manufactory, is a head of *Helen*.

Scene-Prints.

THERE is no ſcene in this play where we can well repreſent *Troilus* and *Creſſida* together. For though he intereſts us in almoſt every ſcene—yet the jilt *Creſſida* does not appear to equal advantage.* The ſcenes where we ſhould have moſt wiſhed to ſee them painted together, would have been at p. 103—p. 109—p. 110—where he ſpeaks theſe two lines:

> We two that with ſo may thouſand ſighs
> Did buy each other———

Or at page 113, when he ſays:

> Entreat her fair: and, by my ſoul, fair Greek,
> If e'er thou ſtand at mercy of my ſword,
> Name *Creſſid*, and thy life ſhall be as ſafe
> As Priam is at Ilion.

BUT unfortunately in each of theſe ſcenes, ſhe is too unintereſting to appear with *Troilus*. As we are deprived then of ſeeing them together; we cannot do juſtice to *Troilus* without giving two portraits (at the leaſt) of him, under the different paſſions in which he appears in the courſe of this play.

THE 76th page then, will furniſh us with the firſt portrait of *Troilus*: as the lines he there ſpeaks are very beautiful. It may be a rich metzo-tinto.

* SHE ſpeaks a few good lines at page 84—but they could not well be drawn here together, as the lines which *Troilus* ſpeaks immediately preceding them, are not worth an engraving.

tinto. The dreſs of this prince in Gravelot's print to Theobald, is much ſuperior to the cumberſome trappings in Bell's firſt edition—and though the bare arms in the former print, might not be pleaſing in a portrait—yet, the melancholy luſtre which ſuch a compariſon as *a ſtrange ſoul upon the Stygian banks ſtaying for waftage* muſt throw o'er his countenance, will ſuffer the eye to dwell on no other part. Page 103, would have offered a pleaſing portrait of him, had the lines above referred to, been leſs beautiful.*

Page 125.

THERE is ſomething ſo pleaſing in the embracement of theſe noble chiefs, that we may ornament this page, with the half-length figures of the old *Neſtor*, *Hector*, and *Aeneas*. This laſt perſonage is by no means intereſting in this play†—unleſs indeed in this preſent page, where the

 words

* IT may be much better to give no repreſentation of *Creſſida* at all. For though ſhe might have been drawn tolerably well from page 81, page 84, or page 107—yet, as we, on viewing her portrait, muſt well know, that all the generous ſentiments ſhe there breathes, quickly *vaniſhed into air*: we cannot be much intereſted in her appearance. The beſt that can be ſaid of her, is, that

——————— her wanton ſpirits look out
At every joint and motive of her body.

† SHAKESPEARE's favourite character is certainly *Ulyſſes*. The lines he ſpeaks at page 92, are too true—but (as Akenſide ſays:)

He walk'd in every path of human life,
Felt every paſſion.

There is fine fancy in the ſpeech of *Neſtor*, at page 28— it is indeed worthy of the poet.

words he there ſpeaks, though few, are beautiful—and we may therefore repreſent him, as mildly ſmiling at the generous warriors. They may be drawn as at the moment of *Neſtor's* ſaying: *Let an old man embrace thee.* The dreſs of *Neſtor* may be partly gathered from paſſages in the Iliad. The *leopards ſpotted hide*, might have a good effect if gracefully thrown over his ſhoulder; and the lines I have ſubjoined in the note, will give an artiſt a pleaſing idea of the man.* The dreſs of *Hector* and of *Aeneas*, may be choſen from the remains of antiquity;† and the lines of Shakeſpeare in this page, will be the beſt guide to the artiſt's pencil.

Page 150.

* To calm their paſſion with the words of age,
Slow from his ſeat aroſe the Pylian ſage,
Experienc'd *Neſtor*, in perſuaſion ſkill'd,
Words ſweet as Honey from his lips diſtill'd;
Two generations now had paſs'd away,
Wiſe by his rules, and happy by his ſway;
Two ages o'er his native realm he reign'd,
And now th' example of the third remain'd.
All view'd with awe the venerable man:
Who thus with mild benevolence began.—

ILIAD. BOOK I.

† POTTER's Grecian Antiquities may be conſulted. See the graceful figure of *Pandarus*, in Gravelot's print to Theobald. For the error of *Hector's* face being *lock'd in ſteel*, ſee the note of Mr. Stevens, in page 38. The dreſs in Cypriani's fine print of the departure of *Hector*, will prevent me referring to more prints; or to the catalogue of Taſſie's Gems, or Mr. Wedgwood's manufactory.

I FIND in the Iliad, ſome few lines ſo applicable to our preſent purpoſe, that I cannot forbear extracting them. They chiefly reſpect the dreſs of *Hector*—

Now ruſhing in, the furious chief appears,
Gloomy as night! and ſhakes two ſhining ſpears.

B. 12.

——————Beneath his gloomy brow,
Like fiery meteors his red-eye balls glow:

The

Page 150.

Mr. Mortimer has given us a portrait of *Caſſandra*, of much merit. He has drawn her, as exclaiming theſe lines from p. 56 :—

> Cry, Trojans cry! practiſe your eyes with tears!
> Troy muſt not be, nor goodly Ilion ſtand.

But as this propheteſs in a ſubſequent ſcene (in p. 150), utters ſtrains of *higher divination*, and poſſeſſes a more frenzied and prophetie enthuſiaſm; and as this very print of Mr. Mortimer's will be equally expreſſive for this laſt page: (the uplifted finger and the wild frenzy of the eye being perfectly ſuited to the ſcene alluded to)—I cannot but take the liberty (with deference to Mortimer's memory) of ſubſtituting in the

ſtead

> The radiant helmet on his temples burns,
> Waves when he nods, and lightens as he turns.
>
> B. 15.

> ——————— The ſilence *Hector* broke;
> His dreadful plumage nodded as he ſpoke.
>
> B. 22.

> How loſt is all that formidable air;
> The face divine, and long deſcending hair
> Purple the ground.—
>
> B. 22.

It is cruel to mangle Homer thus: but no artiſt will ever think of drawing *Hector*, without peruſing his whole hiſtory throughout the whole Iliad.

ſtead of the above lines, that which follows—it is taken from p. 150—and this print of *Caſſandra* will then beautifully ornament this propoſed page :—

Hark, how Troy roars!—*

Tail-piece.

THERE are three paſſages in the remaining part of this play, that would each of them furniſh a good portrait of the bold, but deſperate *Troilus*—either at p. 145—at p. 158 :

I reck not, though I end my life to day—

Or, at p. 164, at the words :

Strike a free march to Troy!—with comfort go,
Hope of revenge ſhall hide our inward woe.

BUT on conſidering each paſſage—this animated character may perhaps be drawn to equal advantage in page 145. The point I could wiſh him drawn from, would be at the moment of theſe ſpirited lines :

———————— Diomed,
Stand faſt, and wear a caſtle on thy head!

HE

* AT Wilton houſe, is a buſto of *Caſſandra*, in white marble. In the above print, ſhould not part of the upper row of teeth have been viſible, and the under row concealed?—

I HAVE ſeen a picture by Mr. Mortimer (hung up in his parlour) which may be termed an offering to Shakeſpeare. If my memory does not fail me, it repreſented himſelf and a young family in a garden or grove, viewing or ornamenting with flowers, the poet's buſt.

He is in this ſcene, diſtracted with various paſſions—with the deſperate frenzy of an agitated mind—with grief, at the perfidy of his miſtreſs (for *never did young man fancy with ſo eternal and ſo fix'd a ſoul*)---and with rage and honourable revenge on the deteſted *Diomed*—whom he is ſoon to view in the field, tauntingly bearing on his helm that ſleeve which is to grieve his ſpirit. Rage and deſpair rekindle now his injured ſpirit, and with his ſword brandiſhed in the air (and all the courage of the crook-back'd *Richard*) he is ruſhing to the field.*

Should the line of :—*were it a caſque compoſed by Vulcan's ſkill*, be preferred to thoſe I have quoted; it would then be proper to give him leſs rage and wild revenge in his countenance—and to introduce partly in their ſtead, more of a determined and ſolemn reſolution.

This reſolution of *Troilus* is ſomewhat ſimilar to that of *Macduff* when (after the murder of his wife and *all his pretty ones*) he wiſhes to meet the fiend of Scotland front to front.†

* Jonson tranſlated the antients, Shakeſpeare transfuſed their very ſoul into his writings.
Walpole's Anecdotes v. 2. p. 271, 8vo. edit.

† A list of ſuch Prints as have been publiſhed directly from this play of Shakeſpeare's. Thoſe I have not ſeen, are printed in Italics.

1. Bell's two editions.
2. Hanmer.
3. Theobald.
4. Rowe.
5. A cut by Fourdrinier, to an edition, in 8 vol. 8vo. printed for Tonſon, 1735.
6. Mortimer's Caſſandra.
7. *Pope.*
8. *Lowndes.*
9. *Taylor.*

MIDSUMMER NIGHT's DREAM.

The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,
Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven;
And, as imagination bodies forth
The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
Turns them to ſhapes, and gives to airy nothing
A local habitation, and a name.

Vignette.

In page 78, I have taken the liberty of hinting at one artiſt deſigning the portraits of *Helena* and *Hermia*. And there could not be a more pleaſing Vignette (nor a more ſweet portrait of infantine fondneſs) than what the ſame artiſt would form of the ſame perſons, at a different age from what they will appear at, in page 78, viz. at their age of *childhood-innocence*, or at that early period, when with their needles they created both one flower, both on one ſampler,

——————— *ſitting on one cuſhion*;
Both warbling of one ſong, both in one key.—

The ſame artiſt is as capable of painting the tender lovelineſs of innocence, as of producing a ſublime and moſt expreſſive portrait from the lines of: *The poet's eye.*—

Head-piece.

A Fac-ſimile of M. de Loutherbourg's Vignette print to Bell's laſt edition, might be given for this department. Should not the *airy ſpirits* however, have had leſs of *mortal groſſneſs* about them?—*Puck* is rather too fat to go *ſwifter than the wind.*

Scene-Prints.

TRUE love was never better painted than by Shakeſpeare. What has been applied to Euripedes, may well apply to our poet:

> He ſteep'd in tears the piteous lines he wrote,
> The tendereſt bard that e'er impaſſion'd ſong.

SOME of the interviews of *Hermia* and *Lyſander* are tenderly intereſting. And it requires an artiſt of the feeling ſoul of Cypriani to expreſs the tender deſigns which Shakeſpeare has left us.*

I will firſt mention the ſeveral pages from which (in my opinion) *Hermia* might be drawn to moſt advantage, and I will then recommend ſuch

 few

* DR. ARMSTRONG tells us, that ſome *French Abbé* has ſomewhere aſſerted, that Shakeſpeare underſtood every paſſion but love.

few of them, as ſtrike me, as being moſt proper to be ſelected from the reſt, for the purpoſe of ornamenting ſome of the pages with her portrait.

p. 7. So will I grow, ſo live, ſo die, my lord—
Ere I will yield my virgin patent up
Unto his lordſhip, to whoſe unwiſh'd yoke
My ſoul conſents not to give ſovereignty.

p. 9. *Lyſ.* How now my love? Why is your cheek ſo pale?
How chance the roſes there do fade ſo faſt?

p. *Her.* My good *Lyſander!*
I ſwear to thee by Cupid's ſtrongeſt bow.*

p. 15. And in the wood, where often you and I
Upon faint primroſe beds were wont to lie,
Emptying our boſoms of their counſels ſweet.—

OR, at the ſubſequent line of:

Farewell ſweet play-fellow.

p. 52. *Lyſ.* One turf ſhall ſerve as pillow for us both,
One heart, one bed, two boſoms, and one troth.

OR, at the lines almoſt immediately following of:

Lyſ. O, take the ſenſe, ſweet of my innocence;
Love takes the meaning, in love's conference.
I mean that my heart unto yours is knit;
So that but one heart can you make of it:
Two boſoms interchained with an oath.—

p. 78

* THE reader will be much pleaſed by looking at page 42, of Heath's Reviſal; as well as at page 207, vol. 1, of the laſt edition of Dod's Beauties.

p. 78. Is all the counſel that we two have ſhar'd,
The ſiſter's vows, &c.

THOSE pathetic touches of nature which are given in all the above ſcenes with *Hermia*, render it impoſſible to determine, which of them would furniſh to an artiſt the beſt deſigns. Were I to ſelect, I would give the following portraits of her:

p. 7. So will I grow—

A portrait from theſe lines, with ſomewhat of the ſame kind of ſweet expreſſion which is in the print of Mrs. Barry in *Conſtance*, in Bell's firſt edition of King John. The arms and the attitude will be of courſe ſomewhat altered: expreſſive of her addreſſing herſelf to heaven, as well as to the Duke; and there ſhould be imprinted in her face, the marks of that generous love, that prompted her to riſk all for *Lyſander*—and of that firm attachment to him, who had bewitched her boſom, and who had *ſtol'n the impreſſion of her fantaſy* with bracelets of his hair, and other meſſengers of ſtrong prevailment *in unharden'd youth*. Somewhat of the ſame attitude might be given that we ſee in No. 108, and No. 201, of the Eſtampes de Duſſeldorf.

p. 9. How now my love? Why is your cheek ſo pale?
How chance the roſes there do fade ſo faſt.

The above lines will give an opportunity of introducing *Lyſander* with *Hermia*. They may be drawn at half-length—or their portraits only may be taken. And this page will exhibit *Hermia* in a very different light from what ſhe appears in, in the laſt page; and ſomewhat different from what ſhe will appear in, at p. 52. Her appearance may be ſomewhat ſimilar to that of *Helena*, as deſcribed in A. 3, Sc. 6—

And *Helena* of Athens ſee thou find,
All fancy ſick ſhe is, and pale of cheer,
With ſighs of love that coſt the freſh blood dear.

p. 52. *Lyſ.* One turf ſhall ſerve, &c.—Or, at that tender line of:

I mean that my heart unto yours is knit.

If ſomewhat of the ſame neat wildneſs of romantic ſcenery, and the ſame kind of engraving were introduced, as appears in the beautiful prints of *Celia*, by Kauffman, and of *Marcella* by Shelley: the above page might be pleaſingly ornamented with half-lengths of *Lyſander* and *Hermia* as met in the wood, a league without the town, where he met her once with Helena *to do obſervance to the morn of May*; and the time they meet (a mid-ſummer's night) is at that time,

——————— when Phœbe doth behold
Her ſilver viſage in the watry glaſs,
Decking with liquid pearl the bladed graſs.

THE dreſs of *Hermia* in Bell's laſt edition, may be looked at; and the landſcape in this print is far from unpleaſing.

Page 50.

——————— and ſome keep back
The clamourous owl, that nightly hoots, and wonders
At our quaint ſpirits.

THIS play is only the dream of a ſummer's night—but it is a dream in which Shakeſpeare has moſt pleaſingly indulged his viſionary fancy and wild imagination. It was no doubt the production of thoſe years "in which imagination is on the wing," and it is indeed the fine enthuſiaſm of a ge-

a genuine child of fancy and of genius. The magic of his muſe has *bodied forth things unknown*, and he has transfuſed a portion of that divine ſpirit which nature gave him, to *airy nothings*—to whom he has given a charm that will never fade. The fairies have been very properly termed *the favourite children of his romantic fancy*—many of his deſcriptions of them are wonderfully fanciful; and their pleaſing ſportfulneſs and *mirthful deluſions*, were never recorded by a pen like Shakeſpeare's. He was (to uſe Mr. Garrick's words) *the monarch of the enchanted land:* and

What mortal, ſprite, or fairy can deny
To ſing their maſter's immortality.

G. S. Carey.

The genius of Collins aſſembled them round the tomb of fair *Fidele*—and they may well aſſemble to do homage round that of their ſo potent maſter:—

No wither'd witch ſhall there be ſeen,
No goblin lead their nightly crew;
But female fays ſhall haunt the green
And dreſs thy grave with pearly dew.*

Mr.

* The fairies by moon-light, dance round his green bed,
For hallow'd the turf is, that covers his head.

Garrick's Ode.

There is a pleaſing thought in the following lines of Mr. Holcroft.—

Clad in the wealthy robes his genius wrought
In happy dreams was gentle Shakeſpeare laid;
His pleas'd ſoul wandering through the realms of thought,
While all his elves and fairies round him play'd:

Voltaire approach'd; ſtraight fled the frolic band,
(For envy's breath ſuch ſprights may not endure)
He pilfer'd many a gem, with trembling hand,
Then ſtabb'd the bard to make the theft ſecure!

Ungrateful

Mrs. Montagu, in her chapter on the preternatural Beings of Shakeſpeare, has honourably diſtinguiſhed and defended the ſupreme power which he poſſeſſed over the fairy land; and the preſent Biſhop of Worceſter, in his letters on chivalry and romance, has not been leſs anxious in adorning the poet's memory, by treating in a very delightful manner *on the caſt of Shakeſpeare's magic*—or on his predilection for the popular tales of elves and fairies and other enchantments of the *gothic* kind (in preference to pagan divinities): *the alluſion of which is ſo grateful to the charmed ſpirit.**

In

Ungrateful man! though vain thy black deſign,
The attempt, and not the deed, thy hand defil'd;
Preſerv'd by his own charms, and ſpells divine,
Safely the gentle Shakeſpeare ſlept, and ſmil'd!

* An anonymous female writer, has very pleaſingly thanked Mrs. Montague for being the advocate of Shakeſpeare. I will extract part of the lines:

Fair blooms the wreath thy generous hand has wove,
With laurels green thou deck'ſt thy Shakeſpeare's head,
Immortal genius doth the taſk approve,
And bids his poet's glories round thee ſpread.

O! could his ſhade, where peace, where wiſdom reigns,
Thy nervous page behold, with wonder fraught,
E'en there the bard would bleſs thy friendly ſtrains,
And own his magic felt, his genius caught.

There would he wiſh, (if there a wiſh can be)
Whene'er his Montagu from earth retires,
Her form on thoſe ſeraphic realms to ſee,
And tell the gratitude his boſom fires.

Mr. Sheridan has likewiſe paid her the following compliment:

Our hearts are pledg'd to Montagu's applauſe,
While Shakeſpeare's ſpirit ſeems to aid her cauſe—

Well

If I am to propoſe a repreſentation or drawing of theſe ideal beings, I am afraid no pencil will ever equal the paintings that Shakeſpeare has given of them—and with reſpect to their *perſons* I muſt confeſs myſelf rather

Well pleas'd to aid: ſince o'er his ſacred bier
This female hand did ample trophies rear,
And gave the greeneſt laurel that is worſhip'd there.

I will extract a few paſſages from Mrs. Montagu's Eſſay; as well as from ſome other writers, who have teſtified the excellence of our poet on the ſubject of preternatural beings.—

THE poet, who can give to ſplendid inventions, and to fictions new and bold, the air and authority of reality and truth, is maſter of the genuine ſources of the Caſtalian ſpring, and may juſtly be ſaid to draw his inſpiration from the *well-head of pure poeſy*. Page 135.

WHEN the Pagan temples ceaſed to be revered, and the *Parnaſſian* mount exiſted no longer, it would have been difficult for the poet of later times to have preſerved the divinity of his muſe inviolate, if the weſtern world too had not had its ſacred fables. While there is any national ſuperſtition which credulity has conſecrated, any hallowed tradition long revered by vulgar faith; to that ſanctuary, that aſylum, may the poet reſort.—Let him tread the holy ground with reverence; reſpect the eſtabliſhed doctrine; exactly obſerve the accuſtomed rites, and the attributes of the object of veneration; then ſhall he not vainly invoke an inexorable or abſent deity. Ghoſts, fairies, goblins, elves, were as propitious, were as aſſiſtant, to Shakeſpeare, and gave as much of the ſublime, and of the marvelous, to his fictions, as nymphs, ſatyrs, fawns, and even the triple *Geryon*, to the works of ancient bards. Our poet never carries his preternatural beings beyond the limits of the popular tradition. It is true, that he boldly exerts his poetic genius, and faſcinating powers in that magic circle, *in which none durſt walk but he:* but, as judicious as bold, he contains himſelf within it. He calls up all the ſtately phantoms in the regions of ſuperſtition, which our faith will receive with reverence. He throws into their manners and language a myſterious ſolemnity, favourable to ſuperſtition in general, with ſomething highly characteriſtic of each particular being which he exhibits. His witches, his ghoſts, and his fairies, ſeem *ſpirits of health or goblins damn'd*; *bring with them airs from Heaven or blaſts from Hell.* His ghoſts are ſullen, melancholy, and terrible. Every ſentence, uttered by the witches, is a prophecy, or a charm; their manners are malignant, their phraſes ambiguous, their promiſes deluſive.——The witches cauldron is a horrid collection of what is moſt horrid in their ſuppoſed incantations. *Ariel* is a ſpirit, mild, gentle and ſweet, poſſeſſed of ſupernatural powers, but ſubject to the command of a great magician.

THE

rather at a loſs in deſcribing them---and ſhall therefore only point out what has been occaſionally hinted at, or conjectured, in reſpect to their appearance, or *modes of life*.---

BOURNE,

THE fairies are ſportive and gay; the innocent artificers of harmleſs frauds, and mirthful deluſions. *Puck's* enumeration of the feats of a fairy, is the moſt agreable recital of their ſuppoſed gambols.

Page 136.

AFTER the conſecrated groves were cut down, and the temples demoliſhed, the tales that ſprung from thence were ſtill preſerved with religious reverence in the minds of the people.

THE poet found himſelf happily ſituated amidſt enchantments, ghoſts, goblins; every element ſuppoſed the reſidence of a kind of deity; the genius of the mountain, the ſpirit of the floods, the oak endued with ſacred prophecy, made men walk abroad with a fearful apprehenſion,

Of powers unſeen, and mightier far than they.

ON the mountains, and in the woods, ſtalked the angry ſpectre; and in the gayeſt and moſt pleaſing ſcenes, even within the cheerful haunts of men, amongſt villages and farms,

Tripp'd the light fairies and the dapper elves.

THE reader will eaſily perceive what reſources remained for the poet in this viſionary land of ideal forms. The general ſcenery of nature, conſidered as inanimate, only adorns the deſcriptive part of poetry; but being, according to the Celtic traditions, animated by a kind of intelligences, the bard could better make uſe of them for his moral purpoſes. That awe of the immediate preſence of the deity, which, among the reſt of the vulgar, is confined to temples and altars, was here diffuſed over every object. They paſſed trembling through the woods, and over the mountain, and by the lakes, inhabited by theſe inviſible powers; ſuch apprehenſions muſt indeed

Deepen the murmur of the falling floods
And ſhed a browner horror on the woods;

give fearful accents to every whiſper of the animate or inanimate creation, and arm every ſhadow with terrors. Page 144.

SHAKESPEARE had ſo juſt a taſte that he never introduced any preternatural character on the ſtage, that did not aſſiſt in the conduct of the drama. Indeed he had ſuch a prodigious force of talents, he could make every being his fancy created, ſubſervient to his deſigns. The uncouth ungainly monſter,

Caliban

BOURNE, in his Antiquities of the common People, tells us, that "They are always *clad in green*, and frequent the woods and fields; when they make cakes, (which is a work they have been often heard at) they are

Caliban, is ſo ſubject to his genius, as to aſſiſt in bringing things to the propoſed end, and perfection. And the light fairies, *weak maſters though they be*, even in their wanton gambols, and idle ſports, perform great taſks by *his ſo potent art*. Page 162.

SHAKESPEARE, from his low education, had believed and felt all the horrors he painted; for though the univerſities and inns of court, were in ſome degree freed from theſe dreams of ſuperſtition, the banks of the *Avon* were then haunted on every ſide—

There tript with printleſs foot the elves of hills,
Brooks, caves, and groves; there ſorcery bedimn'd
The noon-tide ſun, call'd forth the mutinous winds,
And 'twixt the green ſea, and the azur'd vault
Set roaring war.—

So that Shakeſpeare can ſcarce be ſaid to create a new world in his magic: he went but back to his native country, and only dreſs'd their goblins in poetic weeds.—

THE EDITORS OF B. AND FLETCHER'S WORKS.

THE good ſenſe of Shakeſpeare, or perhaps the felicity of his genius was admirable; inſtead of the deep tragic air of Taſſo, and his continuance of the paſtoral ſtrain even to ſatiety, he only made uſe of theſe playful images to enrich his comic ſcenes. He ſaw that paſtoral ſubjects were unfit to bear a tragic diſtreſs. To make up in *ſurprize*, what was wanting in *paſſion*, he hath with great judgment adopted the popular ſyſtem of fairies—which, while it ſo naturally ſupplies the place of the old ſylvan theology, gives a wildneſs to this ſort of paſtoral painting, which is perfectly inimitable.

HURD'S HORACE.

IT is true another poet, who poſſeſſed a great part of Shakeſpeare's genius, and all Johnſon's learning, has carried this courtly entertainment (of Maſks) to its laſt perfection; but the "Maſk at Ludlow Caſtle," was in ſome meaſure owing to the Fairy ſcenes of his predeceſſor, who choſe this province of tradition; not only as moſt ſuitable to the wildneſs of his vaſt creative imagination, but as the ſafeſt for his unlettered muſe to walk in.

HURD'S HORACE.

are very noiſy; and when they have done, they are full of mirth and paſtime. But generally they dance in moonlight when mortals are aſleep, and not capable of ſeeing them, as may be obſerved on the following

THE Fairy land is Shakeſpeare's own; he gives characters that never had exiſtence, and deſcribes actions it is impoſſible for mortals to ſee; yet his deſcriptions are ſo forcible, that while we know we are deceived by the poet, we almoſt incline to think, that we are inſtructed by the hiſtorian.

MORNING HERALD.

Our forefathers looked upon nature with more reverence and horror, before the world was enlightened by learning and philoſophy, and loved to aſtoniſh themſelves with the apprehenſions of witchcraft, prodigies, charms and inchantments. There was not a village in *England* that had not a ghoſt in it, the church-yards were all haunted, every large common had a circle of fairies belonging to it, and there was ſcarce a ſhepherd to be met with who had not ſeen a ſpirit.

AMONG all the poets of this kind, our *Engliſh* are much the beſt, by what I have yet ſeen; whether it be that we abound with more ſtories of this nature, or that the genius of our country is fitter for this ſort of poetry. For the *Engliſh* are naturally fanciful, and very often diſpoſed by that gloominеſs and melancholy of temper, which is ſo frequent in our nation, to many wild notions and viſions, to which others are not ſo liable.

AMONG the *Engliſh*, *Shakeſpeare* has incomparably excelled all others. That noble extravagance of fancy, which he had in ſo great perfection, thoroughly qualified him to touch this weak ſuperſtitious part of his reader's imagination; and made him capable of ſucceeding, where he had nothing to ſupport him beſides the ſtrength of his own genius. There is ſomething ſo wild and yet ſo ſolemn in the ſpeeches of his ghoſts, fairies, witches and the like imaginary perſons, that we cannot forbear thinking them natural, tho' we have no rule by which to judge of them, and muſt confeſs, if there are ſuch beings in the world, it looks highly probable they ſhould talk and act as he has repreſented them.

SPECTATOR, No. 419.

The *Tempeſt* and the *Midſummer Night's Dream*, are the nobleſt efforts of that ſublime and amazing imagination of Shakeſpeare, which ſoars above the bounds of nature, without forſaking ſenſe, or more properly, carries nature along with him beyond her eſtabliſhed limits. Fletcher ſeems particularly to have admired theſe two plays, and hath wrote two in imitation of them, The Sea Voyage, and The *Faithful Shepherdeſs* - - - - - - - - After him, Sir John Suckling and Milton catched the brighteſt fire of their imagination from theſe two plays; which ſhines fantaſtically in *The Goblins*, but much more nobly and ſerenely in *The Maſque at Ludlow Caſtle*.

WARBURTON.

Thrice

lowing morn; their dancing places being very diſtinguiſhable. For as they dance hand in hand, and ſo make a circle in their dance, ſo next day there will be ſeen *rings* and *circles* on the graſs."

MR.

Thrice happy the nation that Shakeſpeare has charm'd,
More happy the boſom his genius has warm'd;
Ye children of nature, of faſhion and whim,
He painted you all—all join to praiſe him.

From higheſt to loweſt, from old to the young,
All ſtates and conditions by him have been ſung,
All paſſions and humours were rais'd by his pen,
He could ſoar with the eagle and ſing with the wren.

To praiſe him, ye fairies and genii repair,
He knew where ye haunted—in earth or in air;
No phantom ſo ſubtle could glide from his view,
The wings of his fancy were ſwifter than you.

GARRICK.

TAKE from that original genius of our own country, the popular belief in his ghoſts and hobgoblins, his light fairies and his dapper elves, with other fanciful perſonages of the gothic mythology—and you ſap the true foundation of ſome of the moſt beautiful fictions that ever poet's imagination produced.

WOOD'S ESSAY ON HOMER.

Next Shakeſpeare ſat, irregularly great,
And in his hand a magic rod did hold,
Which viſionary beings did create,
And turn the fouleſt droſs to pureſt gold;
Whatever ſpirits rove in earth or air,
Or bad or good, obey his dread command;
To his beheſts theſe willingly repair,
Thoſe aw'd by terrors of his magic wand,
The which not all their pow'rs united might withſtand.

Beſide the bard there ſtood a beauteous maid,
Whoſe glittering appearance dimm'd the eyen;
Her thin-wrought veſture various tints diſplay'd,
Fancy her name, yſprong of race divine;

Her

Mr. Steevens, in a note, on the line of : *for the third part of a minute*, ſays :

" The perſons employed are *fairies*, to whom the third part of a minute might not be a very ſhort time to do ſuch work in. The critick might

Her mantle wimpled low, her ſilken hair,
Which looſe adown her well-turn'd ſhoulders ſtray'd,
She made a net to catch the wanton air,
Whoſe love-ſick breezes all around her play'd,
And ſeem'd in whiſpers ſoft to court the heav'nly maid.

And ever and anon ſhe wav'd in air,
A ſceptre, fraught with all-creative pow'r :
She wav'd it round : Eftſoons there did appear
Spirits and witches, forms unknown before :
Again ſhe lifts her wonder-working wand ;
Eftſoons upon the flowry plain were ſeen
The gay inhabitants of fairie land,
And blithe attendants upon *Mab* their queen
In myſtic circles danc'd along th' enchanted green.

On th' other ſide ſtood *Nature*, goddeſs fair ;
A matron ſeem'd ſhe, and of manners ſtaid ;
Beauteous her form, majeſtic was her air,
In looſe attire of pureſt white array'd :
A potent rod ſhe bore, whoſe pow'r was ſuch,
(As from her darling's works may well be ſhewn)
That often with it's ſoul-enchanting touch,
She rais'd or joy, or caus'd the deep-felt groan,
And each man's paſſions made ſubſervient to her own.

LLOYD'S PROGRESS OF ENVY.

See alſo the Tomb of Shakeſpeare, a poem by Cooper—Ogilvie's Ode to the genius of Shakeſpeare—the Preface to the works of Maſſinger—Duff's Critical Obſervations—Shakeſpeare's Jubilee, a maſque by Carey—The Fairies, an opera—a Fairy Tale in two acts—and a Midſummer Night's Dream, a

might as well have objected to the epithet *tall*, which the fairy beſtows on the *cowſlip*. But Shakeſpeare, throughout the play, has preſerved the proportion of other things in reſpect to theſe tiny beings, compared with whoſe

tered for Drury-lane, 1763 In theſe two laſt pieces is inſerted a ſong, which cannot be unpleaſing to thoſe who admire Shakeſpeare's play:

Kingcup, daffodil and roſe,
Shall the fairy wreath compoſe;
Beauty, ſweetneſs, and delight,
Crown our revels of the night:
Lightly trip it o'er the green
Where the Fairy ring is ſeen;
So no ſtep of earthly tread,
Shall offend our Lady's head.

Virtue ſometimes droops her wing,
Beauties bee may loſe her ſting;
Fairy land can both combine,
Roſes with the eglantine:
Lightly be your meaſures ſeen,
Deftly footed o'er the green;
Nor a ſpectre's baleful head
Peep at our nocturnal tread.

If the reader wiſhes to peruſe more matter on Faries in general, he may conſult Brand on Popular Antiquities—Warton on Spencer—Spencer's poem—Proſpero's addreſs to the ſpirits before he diſmiſſes them—*Mercutio's* deſcription of Queen *Mab*.—The third volume of Piercy's Reliques, where a very agreeable entertainment is preſented—The beautiful Ode to Indifference by Mrs. Greville, which the extreme length of this note alone prevents me from giving at large. It is however, univerſally known, and may be referred to in any collection of poetry. It is ſet to muſic in a ſtyle worthy of its poetry. Nicoll's Poems, v. 5. p. 176, and p. 207—In book 1ſt. and verſe 781 of Paradiſe Loſt, the midnight revels of the fairies are mentioned—and in Comus, Milton thus ſpeaks of their ſports:

On the tawny ſands and ſhelves
Trip the pert fairies and the dapper elves,
By dimpled brook, and fountain brim,
The wood-nymphs deck't with daiſies trim,
Their merry wakes and paſtimes keep:
What hath night to do with ſleep?

whoſe ſize, a cowſlip might be tall, and to whoſe powers of execution, a minute might be equivalent to an age."

THEIR

In the third volume of Mr. Warton's Hiſtory of Engliſh Poetry, he has inſerted the following elegant lines, which Browne wrote on Occleve, a diſciple of Chaucer. The reader I am ſure will forgive me (and will excuſe the length of this note) if I ſubſtitute the name of William Shakeſpeare to that of Occleve: if it were only for the application of the two laſt lines:—

Many times he hath been ſeene
With the faeries on the greene,
And to them his pipe did ſound,
As they danced in a round;
Mickle ſolace would they make him,
And at midnight often wake him,
And convey him from his roome
To a fielde of yellow broome,
Or into the medowes where
Mints perfume the gentle aire,
And where Flora ſpreads her treaſure
There they would beginn their meaſure.
If it chanc'd night's ſable ſhrowds
Muffled Cynthia up in clowds,
Safely home they then would ſee him,
And from brakes and quagmires free him.
There are few ſuch ſwaines as he
Now a days for harmonie.

I will cloſe this note, with an extract from Mr. Warton's third volume:—

BUT the reformation had not yet deſtroyed every deluſion, nor diſinchanted all the ſtrong holds of ſuperſtition. A few dim characters were yet legible in the mouldering creed of tradition. Every goblin of ignorance did not vaniſh at the firſt glimmerings of the morning of ſcience. Reaſon ſuffered a few demons ſtill to linger, which ſhe choſe to retain in her ſervice under the guidance of poetry. Men believed, or were willing to believe, that ſpirits were yet hovering around, who brought with them *airs from heaven or blaſts from hell*, that the ghoſt was duly releaſed from his priſon of torment at the ſound of the curfew, and that fairies imprinted myſterious circles on the turf by moonlight. Much of this credulity was even conſecrated by the name of ſcience and profound ſpeculation. Proſpero had not yet *broken and buried his ſtaff*, nor *drowned his book deeper than did ever plummet ſound.*

THEIR ſtature cannot have been very large; for when jealouſy reigned between their king and queen (cauſing the nine-mens morris to be filled with mud—the nights to be unbleſs'd with hymn or carol—and the pale and angry moon ſo to alter the ſeaſons, that froſts fell in the freſh lap of the crimſon roſe), the elves for fear, crept into acorn cups, and *hid them there.* The dainty *Ariel* ſlept in a cowſlip's bell---and has hung many a pearl in many a cowſlip's ear---and will, to the end of time, live merrily under the bloſſom that hangs on the bough: for Shakeſpeare might have well applied to himſelf, the laſt lines of Ovid:—*Jamque opus exegi, &c.* And from his virtues and good qualities, he might have enſured to himſelf the bold paſsport of Rouſſeau:—*Que la trompette du jugement dernier ſonne quand elle voudra; je viendrai ce livre à la main me preſenter devant le ſouverain juge.*— Theſe fairies muſt have been formed with pretty elegance, for they hopp'd as light as bird from briar, and ſung and danced it trippingly; and Queen Mab (in the ſong in Piercy) tells us:

Pearly drops of dew we drink,
In acorn cups fill'd to the brink.
The graſshopper, gnat, and fly,
Serve us for our minſtrelſie;
Grace ſaid, we dance awhile,
And ſo the time beguile:
And if the moon doth hide her head,
The glow-worm lights us home to bed.

On tops of dewie graſs,
So nimbly do we paſs,
The young and tender ſtalk
Ne'er bends when we do walk:
Yet in the morning may be ſeen
Where we the night before have been.

SOME attempts have been made to deſcribe their *perſons.* I will give a liſt of ſuch Prints of them as I have ſeen; however badly deſigned ſome of them may be.—

1. The print by Fourdrinier in Rowe. The landſcape part may be looked at.

2. The print in an edition in 8 vol. printed for Tonſon, in 1735. This is a copy of the above, with ſome ſmall variations.

3. The print in Theobald, There is ſomething pleaſing in this deſign by Gravelot. The ſleeping attitude of *Lyſander* is well drawn.

4. *Titania* is drawn in the print to Bell's firſt edition; and her hair is dreſſed like that of a modern milliner.

5. See M. de Loutherbourg's vignette to Bell's laſt edition.

6. Two figures of Robin Goodfellow, at the end of the third volume of Dr. Piercy's Ancient Engliſh Poetry.

7. Oberon and Titania, and

8. Oberon and Puck—a pair of ſmall oval prints, not worth referring to.

9. A figure of the delicate ſpirit Ariel, may be ſeen in Pine's print of the Ode.

10. Another figure of Ariel is in his print of Miranda.

11. A figure of Ariel, is in Hanmer's print to the Tempeſt.

12. Another, in Lowndes' edition of the Tempeſt.

13. There is a figure of Ariel, in a print of Ferdinand and Miranda, by Harding, publiſhed by Macklin.

14. There either is, or was a painting at Vauxhall, of the fairies dancing on the green by moonlight. I have not ſeen it.

In the play-bill of the Tempeſt at Drury-lane, in 1785, is in act 2d. *a dance of ſpirits*;—and in act 3d. a dance of *fantaſtic ſpirits*. They, or fairies, have been introduced on the London theatres, in the Merry Wives of Windſor, and have been clad in green, or in white. I have not ſeen the

the cuts to Kent's edition of Spencer's poem, nor thoſe in the edition by Hughes, which laſt I have heard have much merit. *

The paſſages in this play, from whence they might be drawn to moſt advantage, are I think the following :—

P. 32. And never ſince the middle ſummer's ſpring.

Or at the affecting line of :

No night is now with hymn, or carol bleſt :

P. 41. If

* Since I have written the above, Meſſrs. Boydells and Nicols have informed the public, of the names of thoſe artiſts who are to ornament the four firſt numbers. A ſcene from this play, is to be deſigned by Fuſeli, in which will be introduced *Titania*, *Puck*, and the *Fairies*. This information of the ſcenes which the different artiſts have fixed on, will tend to increaſe the anxiety of expectation—and perhaps in no inſtance more than in the following :

Plate III.—Act III. (A Hall in Macbeth's Caſtle. A Banquet. Macbeth, Lady Macbeth, Roſſe, Lenox, &c.—Ghoſt of Banquo.)

Avaunt ! and quit my ſight !—

Painted by Romney.——

Plate IV.—Act IV. (A Cavern. Cauldron blazing. Macbeth, Hecate, Witches, Shadows of the eight Kings, Banquo, &c. &c.)

Horrible ſight !—Now I ſee 'tis true !
For the blood bolter'd Banquo ſmiles upon me,
And points at them for his.

Painted by Sir Joſhua Reynolds.——

P. 41. If you will patiently dance in our round,
And ſee our moon-light revels, go with us,—

P. 43. That very time I ſaw, but thou could'ſt not,
Flying between the cold moon and the earth,
Cupid all arm'd.—

Puck may be drawn as moſt attentively liſtening. See the countenance of *Oberon*, in M. de Loutherbourg's vignette.

P. 45. ——————— and be thou here again,
Ere the leviathan can ſwim a league.

P. 50. ——————— and ſome keep back
The clam'rous owl, that nightly hoots, and wonders
At our quaint ſpirits.

I have before quoted theſe lines for the purpoſe of exhibiting the quaint ſpirits, and their quaint ſports, and of exhibiting the ſcenery of that hour,

When fairies in their ringlets there
Do dance their nightly round.

In the ſong in Piercy's Ancient Poetry, *Robin Good-fellow* tells us, that

By wells and rills in meadows greene,
We nightly dance our hey-day guiſe;
And to our fairye king, and queene,
We chant our moon-light minſtrelſies.

When the *charmed ſpirit* of an artiſt ſhall have indulged in the magic of Shakeſpeare's tales, he will then (and then only) be enabled to draw from his fairy-land. The landſcape may be enriched with the favour-

ite

ite flower of the fairies, the *cowſlip*—and on a bank may blow the *wild-thyme*, and the *nodding-violet*—for

There ſleeps *Titania* ſome time of the night,
Lull'd in theſe flowers with dances and delight.

If the above ſhould be rejected, we might then draw them (with the ſame advantage of moon-light ſcenery) from the ſubſequent lines of:

——————— Sing me now aſleep;
Then to your offices and let me reſt.

P. 54. Night and ſilence! who is here?
Weeds of *Athens* he doth wear.

Puck may be drawn as throwing the charm (being the juice of a little weſtern flower) upon the eyes of *Lyſander*. And the only other characters will be *Hermia*, as ſleeping near him, (for which ſee p. 53.) and the *Fairy Queen*. Somewhat of the ſame ſtill repoſe may be given, as we ſee in Gravelot's print to Theobald.

P. 37. I go, I go; look maſter, how I go—
Swifter than arrow from the *Tartar's* bow.

P. 85. My fairy lord, this muſt be done with haſte;
For night's ſwift dragons cut the cloud's full faſt,
And yonder ſhines *Aurora's* harbinger;
At whoſe approach, ghoſts wandering here and there,
Troop home to church-yards; damned ſpirits all,
That in croſs-ways and floods have burial,
Already to their wormy beds are gone;
For fear leſt day ſhould look their ſhames upon,
They wilfully exile themſelves from light,
And muſt for aye conſort with black-brow'd night.

THE awfulneſs of this narration will cauſe the countenance of *Puck* to be marked with a very different expreſſion to what he would have in the recital of his ſprightly merriments---and though at the time of his ſpeaking the above lines, the ſtarry welkin is not then covered with drooping fog, *as black as Acheron*: yet night's clouds are not quite departed---and *Aurora's harbinger* might therefore be painted as ſhining or ſtriking through them.

P. 94, Be, as thou waſt wont to be;
See, as thou waſt wont to ſee:
Dian's bud o'er Cupid's flower,
Hath ſuch force and bleſſed power.

P. 94. Now thou and I are new in amity;
And will, to-morrow midnight, ſolemnly,
Dance in Duke *Theſeus'* houſe triumphantly.

P. 95. *Puck.* Fairy king, attend, and mark;
I do hear the morning lark

Ob. Then my queen, *in ſilence ſad*
Trip we after the night's ſhade:
We the globe can compaſs ſoon,
Swifter than the wand'ring moon.

P. 122. The half length figure, or the countenance of *Puck* (in the gloom of midnight) as reciting his terrifying deſcription of night.

Page 61.

THE curious interlude performed by the clowns, will furniſh a very comic deſign. I will ſelect ſuch paſſages as relate to that *wiſe ſtage pro-*

jector

jector Bottom, and to *Quince*, and the reſt of their dramatis perſonæ, and which ſtrike me as offering the beſt ſituations to draw them from.

P. 19. *Bot.* ——— I could play Ercles rarely, or a part to tear a cat in.

P. 21. *Snug.* Have you the lion's part written? pray you, if it be, give it me, for I am ſlow of ſtudy.

P. 21. *Quin.* ———————— and that were enough to hang us all.

All. That would hang us every mother's ſon.

P. 58. *Snout.* By'zlakin, a parlous fear.

Star. I believe, we muſt leave the killing out, when all is done.

P. 58. *Quin.* Well, we will have ſuch a prologue; *and it ſhall be written in eight and ſix.*

P. 59. *Bot.* ———————— for there is not a more fearful wild fowl, that your lion, living—

P. 61. *Quin.* Ninus' tomb, man: Why you muſt not ſpeak that yet; that you anſwer to Pyramus: you ſpeak all your part at once 'cues and all.*—

P. 62. *Quin.*

* Edwin would ſpeak theſe lines admirably. This play was performed at the Haymarket a few years ago, under the title of a Fairy Tale; when Edwin played *Quince*, and Parſons *Bottom*. The above lines are omitted in this Fairy Tale. The print in Hanmer belongs to this page 61, but poſſeſſes a poor ſhare of humour; though the figure of *Bottom* is a good one, as well as that behind him. The print in Bell's firſt edition, is taken from the next page, and though the figure of the *Tinker* is an exceeding good one, and that of *Bottom* not amiſs, yet its general merit is not ſufficiently attractive to recommend it wholly. In p. 66, *Bottom* might have been drawn to advantage in his confab with the Fairies, if the expreſſion of his face had not been loſt, by his transformation.

P. 62 *Quin.* Bleſs thee Bottom! bleſs thee! thou art tranſlated.

P. 101. *Bot.* I will get Peter Quince to write a ballad of this dream.

P. 102. ———— Out of doubt, he is tranſported.

P. 103. *Bot.* And moſt dear actors *eat no onions nor garlick*, for we are to utter ſweet breath; and I do not doubt but to hear them ſay, it is a ſweet comedy.

At his injunction againſt the onions, they might be all drawn as ſtaring at him.

If the preference be given to the lines in p. 61, it will admit of all the other clowns being drawn, (except *Bottom*); and the figure of *Robin Goodfellow* may be introduced in the back-ground. Either one of the figures of this *merry wanderer of the night* which Dr. Piercy has preſerved, may be given; or elſe ſome *fancy* ſketch might be drawn.

The *Queen* of the Fairies may be lying aſleep near them; and the ſcene is in a wood, near to an *hawthorn-brake*, and under *the Duke's oak*. If it were not for the *Fairy Queen* being introduced as well as *Puck*, the characters might have been *etched* in the manner of ſome of Mr. Bunbury's prints. And may no artiſt attempt to deſign any character from Shakeſpeare, who does not poſſeſs ſome ſparks of Mr. Bunbury's genius.* I do not know what effect the figure of a Fairy would have; but as they are harmleſs merry ſprites, their looks might exhibit an archneſs of ſurprize, or merriment, at the figure of *Bottom*.

Page

* There is one line in this play, from which this gentleman might draw a very good print. It is in *Puck's* recital of his merriments:

The wiſeſt aunt, telling the ſaddeſt tale—

Page 78.

Is all the counſel that we two have ſhar'd,
The ſiſter's vows, the hours that we have ſpent,
When we have chid the haſty-footed time
For parting us,—O, and is all forgot?
All ſchool-day friendſhip, childhood-innocence?
We, *Hermia*, &c.———

A nobler ornament could not grace this page (and it merits the moſt expreſſive one), than what the pencil of Sir Joſhua Reynolds would produce, when *Helena* affectingly reminds her *ſweet playfellow* of their ſchool-day's friendſhip.* They might be drawn in rich metzotinto; and the moon-light night may give a view of Shakeſpeare's own bank, whereon *the wild thyme blows*, and which is *o'er canopied with luſcious woodbine*.

Page 104.

THE only *Prints* which I have ever heard of, or ſeen, of Shakeſpeare in the attitude of Inſpiration—(or as at the moment of his genius catching ſome fine thought) are the following——

R. A Head-

* WERE it to many other Artiſts thaSirn Joſhua, I would have recommended a ſight of a print of *Love*, by Benwell, engraved by Bartolozzi. The figure of Edwin, in Shelly's print of *Edwin and Angelina*, engraved by Smith. And the print to Bell's edition of Love makes a Man, might have been looked at.

A Head-piece in the firſt volume of Dr. Piercy's Ancient Engliſh Poetry.

THE Ticket for the benefit of Bonnor, a comedian, at Bath; the ſubject of which is, *Shakeſpeare catching a thought from Nature.*

THE only *Paintings* I have ever heard of, or ſeen, of Shakeſpeare in the ſame attitude, is the pleaſing whole length portrait of him, by Wilſon in the town-hall of Stratford. It was preſented to the corporation by Mr. Garrick, and placed there at the time of the Jubilee. I much wonder no engraving has yet been taken from it. The face does not ſtrike me as being taken from any of the Prints; nor do I recollect any Painting which reſembles it. If the features *are* caught from any of the Prints, I ſhould think it were from the head prefixed to Theobald's large 8vo. edition, by Arlaud, or from that to his ſmaller edition. The reſemblance it bears to either of theſe, is certainly very little. It bears ſome little reſemblance to a very neat buſt, ſold by Flaxman.

THE only *Statue* of him in the ſame attitude, (at leaſt that I have heard of), is that by the great Roubiliac, in the temple at Hampton. I have not ſeen it—but *he is repreſented* (ſays the Abbé Groſley) *with a pen in his hand, ſeeming to have juſt conceived one of thoſe ſublime Ideas, to which he owes his reputation.*

HIS graceful Monument in the Abbey, repreſents more of *penſive thought*, or *meditation*, than of calm, or of ſpirited *Inſpiration.*

EITHER an engraving might be taken from Mr. Wilſon's picture, to accompany the lines of *The poet's eye*—in p. 104,* or a new *fancy* deſign might

* SHAKESPEARE, in theſe lines, was not conſcious perhaps of having drawn himſelf. The following lines of Mr. Keate, will well apply to this propoſed and wiſhed for portrait.—

On

might be drawn (to accompany the ſame lines) in an attitude ſimilar to that which the Abbé Groſley mentions. Rules or inſtructions cannot be given towards the completing ſo pleaſing an ornament to Shakeſpeare's memory—it muſt ariſe from the gratitude of an artiſt, when feeling

——————— What Garrick felt
When firſt he breath'd the ſoul of Shakeſpeare's page.

OR in thoſe moments of pleaſing tranſport which were felt

——————— When firſt the Vatican
Unbarr'd her gates, and to a raptur'd eye
Gave Raphael's glories.

MAY his features breathe *an air divine*, and may that infinite grace * and expreſſive ſublimity be given him, which we have often ſeen in the production of that artiſt, "whoſe taſte and imagination (ſays Mr. Walpole) are inexhauſtible."

HIS features might be partly taken from Zouſt's head—from that by Arlaud—from Vertue's print from the portrait in the poſſeſſion of Mr. Keck—from the face in the Abbey—from the metzotinto in the edition of Lear

On daring pinions borne, to him was giv'n
Th' aerial range of Fancy's brighteſt Heav'n,
To bid rapt Thought o'er nobleſt heights aſpire,
And wake each Paſſion with a Muſe of Fire.—

* MR. Walpole defines grace to be *an amiable degree of Majeſty*.

Lear by Jennens—from Gainſborough's buſt*—from the head in Read's edition—and from the buſt in Cypriani's print of the Nymph of Immortality—and from a buſt by Flaxman.†

We have one Deſign from the lines of *The poet's eye*—by Mortimer—and it is the only Deſign I have yet ſeen from them. It is propoſed for the Tail piece.

Tail-

* This buſt is from the Picture of Mr. Garrick at Stratford. Mr. Gainſborough ſeems well calculated to have drawn Mr. Garrick, from what he ſays of him in a letter to Henderſon.—"Garrick is the greateſt creature living in every reſpect, he is worth ſtudying in every action.—Every view, and every idea of him is worthy of being ſtored up for imitation, and I have ever found him a generous and ſincere friend."

† We have the authority (the unhappy authority) of Milton, for the pleaſure which Charles the firſt took in reading Shakeſpeare.—What an expreſſive *Fancy* picture then might Vandyck have preſented to his noble patron, of that Poet, whoſe writings had often ſoothed the turbulent cares of his diſtracted reign.—Pilkington ſpeaks thus of Vandyck:

"His choice of nature when he painted portraits, was always that which was moſt agreeable; he gave an inexpreſſible grace to his heads; he ſhewed abundant variety in the airs, and in ſome of them the character was even ſublime; and as to his expreſſion, it was inimitable, the very ſoul of the perſon repreſented being viſible in the portrait.——————His draperies, which were taken from the mode of the times, are caſt in a grand ſtyle, broad and ſimple in the folds, eaſy and natural in the diſpoſition, and his colouring is lovely. In the collection of the Duke of Orleans, there is a moſt admirable picture by Vandyck; it is a whole length of Mary de Medicis, which is finiſhed as highly as the power of his art could reach; it ſhews at once the ſtrength of Rubens, and almoſt the colouring of Titian; *the manner of it is in the higheſt degree noble*, and yet it appears equally eaſy and natural."

Numberless fine attitudes, and hints, and looks might be conceived, from a view of ſome of the fine pictures in England—as well as from the prints from after Vandyck, and other great maſters. And it may be worth while to refer to plates 119 and 134 of Roſſi's Statue Antiche Moderne—to the head of Moliere by Coypel, engraved by Ficquet, (a copy of which may be ſeen, I think, in the Copper-plate Magazine, and which is a fine picture of bold and vigorous thought)—to the pleaſing vignette to the Hiſtorical Rhapſody on Pope—to Sir Joſhua's Mrs. Siddons—to Cypriani's figure of Fame or Liberty in the Memoirs of Hollis—to a metzotinto of Faith, engraved by Walker, from after

Gardner,

Tail-piece.

A fac-ſimile (though reduced in ſize) of Mortimer's Etching.

HAVING had frequent occaſion to mention Mr. Mortimer's name, I cannot refrain from quoting ſome part of the generous tribute which has been lately paid to his memory, by Mr. Ireland, in the Letters and Poems of Henderſon.

After mentioning the prediliction which Mr. Mortimer had, of frequently delineating with his pencil, objects of terror or of cruelty, or ſuch events as were calculated to give ſtrong and forcible expreſſions, he proceeds:

" Yet with this diſpoſition for contemplating, and diſplaying ſuch ob-
" jects, Mortimer had a ſoul, open as day to melting charity, a tear for
" pity, and a heart the moſt ſuſceptible of tender impreſſions." He made the kindeſt allowances for the errors of others, and would not have trod upon the poor beetle. When he erred, and who ſhall dare to name any man

Gardner, 1781—to the print of Mrs Siddons, in Bell's laſt editon of Macbeth, the extreme beauty of which, can only be ſeen in the earlieſt impreſſions—to Earlom's metzotinto of a Shepherd, from after Gainſborough—to the Tragic muſe in Pine's print of the Ode—to Romney's print of Mrs. Yates, in the Tragic muſe—to Sir Joſhua's print of a Contemplative Youth—to Kaufman's print of Poetry, engraved by Rider—to Le Brun's print of Salvatormundi, engraved by Bartolozzi—and to a metzotinto of Pope, engraved in 1728, by Simon, from after Dahll.

man as faultleſs? his errors had their root in virtues, which the generous warmth of his heart carried to exceſs. Added to all this, he had an hilarity that brightened every eye, and gladdened every heart. I knew his mind well, but that knowledge ſhould have deterred me from attempting to deſcribe it, had I conſidered that Sterne has ſo exactly delineated the leading features by which it was actuated, in the benevolence and ſenſibility of character which diſtinguiſhed his uncle Toby.

In the ſociety of Mortimer I paſſed ſome of the happieſt years of my life, and the remembrance of the very intimate, brotherly, and unbroken friendſhip with which we were united until his death, affords me one of thoſe melancholy pleaſures which may be felt, but cannot be deſcribed—A tear drops at the recollection. The loſs of ſuch a friend leaves a chaſm in one's life and happineſs, which is very, very rarely filled up." *

* A list of ſuch Prints taken from this play, as I have *ſeen*. Thoſe I have not ſeen, are printed in Italics.

1. Bell's two editions.
2. Hanmer.
3. Theobald.
4. Rowe.
5. A cut by Fourdrinier, in an edit. in 8 vol. printed for Tonſon, in 1735.
6. Mortimer's etching.
7. The figures in Dr. Piercy's work.
8. Oberon and Titanea.
9. Oberon and Puck.
10. *Pope.*
11. *Lowndes.*
12. *Taylor.*

MVSEVM BRITAN NICVM

FINIS.